POEMS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS,

BY

SAMUEL LOW.

—— Fancy's lovely, fascinating child,
Sweet Poesy, through all her flowery walks,
Led thee enamour'd.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

IT was the original intention of the Author of the following Poems to comprise, in one volume, such of them as he deemed the best; in which case he would have given them to the public without any prefatory remarks; but the partiality of his literary friends having induced him to publish, in two volumes, nearly the whole of his poetic writings, some of them may, perhaps, require an apology.

Very few of the Poems were written with a view to publication: several were composed within the last eight months; previous to which period, though frequently solicited by his friends, the Author did not contemplate printing them.

Many of the pieces were written at a very early age, and most of them under singular disadvantages; among which, application to public business, for many years past, was not the least; not only because it allowed little leisure for literary pursuits, but because it is of a nature peculiarly inimical to the cultivation of poetic talent. For his own amusement and improvement he has written—at the request of his friends he publishes.

New-York, May 1, 1809.

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1 NO 61

POEMS.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Recited by Mr. HODGKINSON, in the New-York Theatre, on the 8th of January, 1800.

FROM dread JEHOVAH'S everlasting throne,
Celestial *Wisdom* on my numbers beam;
With thy inspiring gifts come down,
And let thy sacred light my off'ring crown,
For vast, sublime, and arduous is my theme.
Erewhile I woo'd fictitious aid,
And on young *Fancy*'s pinions soar'd;
Or with the tuneful sisters stray'd,
And all their flow'ry paths explor'd;—
But now I hail bright *Truth*, whose vivid ray
Illumines man's benighted way:

Oh! from thine altar let the fire
My elegiac verse inspire;
But ah! can even *Truth* or *Wisdom* tell
What speechless feelings ev'ry bosom swell,
How mighty is the loss we all endure;—
Our WASHINGTON, in glory grown mature,
Columbia's father, patriot, sage,
The pride, the glory of the age,
Now sleeps in dust;—our eyes no more
Shall view the matchless hero we deplore!

Ah! stranger, why that mute, astonish'd gaze,
On these sad signs a mourning land displays?
Dost thou not see how sackcloth shrouds
Columbia's grief-devoted race?
What tears bedew each manly face?
How chill December's blackest clouds
Obscure the wide cerulean space?
How Beauty's eye grows dim, and all our fair
The sad habiliments of Sorrow wear?
How Clamour and Dissention are compos'd?
How Pleasure's thousand avenues are clos'd?
How mortals all their busy cares suspend?—
They mourn, alas! their sire, their chief, their friend.

Ah! who could call this burst of sorrow forth,
This tribute due to unexampled worth,
But WASHINGTON! that great, exalted name,
Which made proud nobles sicken at his fame,
And monarchs inly pine at regal birth?
But vain is mortal eulogy,—these lays
In vain attempt to tell his matchless praise:
Our grief exceeds this awful pomp of woe,—
His merit beggars all external show.
Yes,—a bereaved *world* will soon deplore,
That now the world's best friend exists no more!

And lo! where all Death's dread insignia come:—
How melancholy sounds the shrouded drum!
A num'rous train, to whom his name is dear,
Attend his honor'd dust, in sable clad,
With downcast, humid eyes, and bosoms sad,
And follow slow the consecrated bier:
The mute procession, wrap'd in death-like gloom,
With solemn obsequies approach his tomb;
The warrior's breast with big emotion heaves,
When the black pall the dismal coffin leaves,
And the drear sepulchre its precious charge receives;

And all the martial band, with tearful eyes,
See where their dear, illustrious chieftain lies;
His hallow'd urn unfading laurels grace,
And warlike trophies flourish round its base!
The solemn dirge, with sadly-tuneful notes,
Sublimely slow, on Air's still bosom floats;
Funeral peals our WASHINGTON deplore,
And cannon sound his fame from shore to shore.

Ah! well may freemen his decease lament,
Whom gracious Heav'n to their deliv'rance sent.
When mad *Ambition* forg'd the galling chains
Which *Freedom* loathes and *man* disdains;
When *Cruelty*, fell murd'rer, stood,
Thirsting, panting for our blood,
And carnage strew'd th' ensanguin'd plains;
When curst *Oppression*, with gigantic stride,
Spread desolation far and wide;
When harvests perish'd, cities blaz'd,
And lawless *Power* advanc'd with arm uprais'd,
To crush the hallow'd fane which *Freedom* rear'd,
Our shield, our strength, our last resource,
The mighty WASHINGTON appear'd,
And turn'd aside its vengeful force:

When *Perseverance* shrunk aghast,
And *Hope*'s bright rays were overcast;
When, paraliz'd and weak, our little band
Of suff'ring heroes mourn'd, that soon their land
Would groan beneath a foreign yoke,
Their gallant leader, in that trying hour,
Exerted more than mortal power:
He rous'd *Columbia*'s energies once more;—
Columbia from her lethargy awoke:
Himself a host, the champion rose,
He hurl'd War's thunder on our foes;
Th' embattled foe, astonish'd, fled;—
Immortal laurels grac'd the victor's head!
Glad Io pæans then his triumphs sung;
But now our harps are on the willows hung,
Or only to the strains of sorrow strung:—
Ah! let the brave their heavy loss deplore,—
Their valiant chief shall never conquer more!

The struggle o'er, a statesman view him next:—
When jarring views *Columbia*'s councils vex'd,
And weak disunion all her plans perplex'd;
The vet'ran sage presided o'er the band,
Who gave the fed'ral compact to our land;

And when recall'd from Vernon's peaceful shade,
The matchless man his country's call obey'd!
With ready zeal the sacrifice he made.
Unmov'd by foreign menaces or smiles,
Unaw'd by Faction's clamours, threats, or wiles;
With God-like port our Cincinnatus stood:
Awful in virtue, firm in rectitude,
He still magnanimously sought our good:
Our guardian chief, with unabated zeal,
Still greatly labour'd for the public weal:
In council sage, and skill'd to rule, he well
Could ward the threat'ned evil, or repel;
While he prepar'd for *war*, establish'd *peace*,
And caus'd misrule and anarchy to cease:
He guided well the complex wheels of state,
And bore a nation's cares, a pond'rous weight!
Ah! let the great, the good, the wise deplore
Departed worth which ne'er shall bless us more!

Thus shines the SUN, when first his morning ray
Sheds on our world a radiant flood of *day*;
Thus from the zenith pours his fervid light;
And thus he leaves a world involv'd in *night*!

Insatiate Death! thy triumph now is vain;—
What though thy dart a WASHINGTON hath slain,
Yet boast, fell tyrant! of thy prize no more;
For lo! where seraphs with thy conquest soar;
On wings of love they bear him up sublime,
Far, far beyond the scenes of sense and time!
Heav'n's everlasting portals open wide!
Celestial glories pour their dazzling tide!
The heav'nly minstrels loud hosannas sing,
And his pure spirit to its Maker bring;
In GOD's effulgent presence, lo! he bows;—
A crown of well-earn'd glory decks his brows!

Sov'reign of worlds! whose uncontroul'd behest,
Or nations punishes, or makes them blest;
Oh! let *Columbia* still thy goodness share,
And make some future WASHINGTON thy care;
Or, if his like must never bless our earth,
Teach us at least to emulate his worth!

CAMIRA AND ANGELICA.

The Reader will find the interesting Story which is the subject of the following Stanzas among M. FLORIAN's Tales.

" FLOW on my tears, and swell the flood
" Which prov'd a mother's grave;
" My streaming eyes, let tears of blood
" My sire's cold body lave:

" That mother's love, alas! no more
" CAMIRA's heart shall cheer;
" And, my dear sire, his suff'rings o'er,
" A breathless corse lies here.

" Ah, wretched, lost CAMIRA! why
" The plaint and bitter tear?
" To end thy sorrows is—to die;—
" Oblivion's draught is near!"

Thus sob'd a hapless Indian swain,
O'erwhelm'd with filial grief;
From agonizing mental pain
He sought, in death, relief:

He ran to meet the fatal flood,
Which prov'd his mother's grave;
But near at hand a stranger stood,
The desp'rate youth to save.

"Hold, frantic boy!" the stranger cry'd,—
"The impious deed forbear."
CAMIRA turn'd his head aside;
An aged Priest stood there.

(Across the rough Atlantic wave
The rev'rend father came,
The Indian tribes to teach and save,—
LORENZO was his name.

By science was his mind inform'd;
His heart was blest by grace;
Benevolence his bosom warm'd,
And mantled in his face:

He lov'd the broken heart to bind,
The vicious to reclaim;
He glow'd with love of human kind,—
Their good was all his aim:

His heart was tender and sincere,
He knew no vice or guile;
For ev'ry wretch he had a tear,
For ev'ry friend a smile:

He sought, by mildness, to allure
The harmless Indian race;—
His holy life, his precepts pure,
Made many—truth embrace.)

The meek and venerable sage
Congenial anguish feels;
And longs those sorrows to assuage,
Which now the youth reveals:

He strove to tell the piteous tale,
Which did his utt'rance choke;
And good LORENZO's face turn'd pale,
While thus CAMIRA spoke:

" Yon forest and this lovely plain
" My fathers once enjoy'd;
" But cruel, avaricious Spain,
" Their peaceful state annoy'd.

" The fierce exterminating crew
" Set all our huts on flame;—
" To yonder distant mountains flew
" The race from whom I came.

" Not long that refuge they enjoy'd:
" Soon Brasil's hostile bands
" My woe-devoted race destroy'd,
" Or banish'd from their lands.

" My parents were compell'd to run,
" With me, thro' deserts wild;
" I was their lov'd, their only son,
" I was their only child.

" Since first I breath'd the vital air,
" They liv'd in me alone;
" Sure, never was parental care
" So sweetly, fondly shown!

" When I rejoic'd they knew no woes;
" When I was ill they wept;
" And only could enjoy repose
" When their CAMIRA slept.

" For me the husband and the wife
" Bore suff'rings, toils and death;
" Ah, woe is me! to save my life,
" They both resign'd their breath!

" To stem the fatal current, we
" Our paddles ply'd in vain,
" Till, floating down the stream, a tree
" Swift split our barque in twain.

" Ah, my lov'd father! ne'er shall I
" Forget that dreadful hour,
" When, struggling, sinking, thou didst cry,
" 'I faint, I lose my power!'

" My mother then her arms withdrew,
" Which clung around my sire,
" And cry'd, 'Oh, save my son—and you
" Shall see me blest expire!'

"These eyes beheld the billows close
"Upon a mother's head;
"No more my GUACOLDA rose;—
"She sleeps among the dead!

"ALCAIPA then, with all his strength,
"To save CAMIRA try'd;
"And reach'd the neighb'ring shore at length,—
"He reach'd the shore and—died!

"Oh! could this warm embrace restore
"My sire to life and me!
"Or I had sunk, to rise no more,
"Lov'd mother, sunk with thee!"

Tears down LORENZO's visage fall,
And with CAMIRA's blend;
His hands entomb CAMIRA's all,
His best, his only friend.

He bade the mourning orphan come,
Another sire to prove;
He took bereav'd CAMIRA home,
And gave him all his love;

And rear'd the youth with fost'ring care,
And lov'd to call him son;
For him the frequent pious prayer
Approach'd the heav'nly throne;

With Consolation's healing balm
He lull'd his grief to rest;
Bade Peace his troubled spirit calm,
And Hope illume his breast;

He sooth'd his sorrows, dry'd the tears
Which filial love made flow;—
LORENZO's love, and riper years,
At length assuag'd his woe;

Him Virtue's charms the father taught;—
To him he did impart
The lore with which his head was fraught,
And virtues of his heart.

And oft CAMIRA bless'd the turf
Where poor ALCAIPA laid;
And oft his fancy, in the surf,
Saw GUACOLDA's shade!

One day, as there he paid the tear
Which Virtue loves to shed,
A piercing shriek assail'd his ear,
And struck his soul with dread.

He turn'd,—and lo! a female fled;—
A serpent swift pursu'd;
The youth first smote the monster dead,
And then the virgin view'd.

Her strength had fail'd—now lifeless, dumb,
She fill'd CAMIRA's arms,
Who gaz'd, as he sustain'd her home,
And wonder'd at her charms.

ANGELICA was young, and fair,
And beautiful, and good;
And from PEDRERAS, viceroy there,
The maid deriv'd her blood:

Her gratitude the fair one show'd;—
Whene'er CAMIRA came
Her lovely cheeks with blushes glow'd,
That spoke a warmer flame;

And rear'd the youth with fost'ring care,
And lov'd to call him son;
For him the frequent pious prayer
Approach'd the heav'nly throne;

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Her gratitude the fair one show'd;—
Whene'er CAMIRA came
Her lovely cheeks with blushes glow'd,
That spoke a warmer flame;

Nor less the young CAMIRA's heart
The virtuous passion own'd;
Where late he felt Affliction's dart,
There Love now sat enthron'd.

To sage LORENZO he reveals
ANGELICA's dear name;
And, while he utters what he feels,
His cheeks are all on flame:

Not so the priest,—the healthful bloom
Forsakes his furrow'd cheeks;
His brow is overspread with gloom;
He trembles while he speaks:

"Alas! my son," the father cry'd,
"I grieve to hear thy tale;
"O'er stern PEDRERAS' pow'r and pride
"Thou never wilt prevail:

"Then quench, my son, this dang'rous fire,
"Before it be too late;
"Should wrath PEDRERAS' breast inspire
"I tremble for thy fate:

"Mean Av'rice all his actions sways,—
"Thou hast no gold, my son;
"To gold alone his court he pays,
"And I, alas! have none."

"Gold! yes, the miser shall have gold,"
CAMIRA quick reply'd;
"But, must ANGELICA be sold
"By Avarice and Pride?

"Haste, father, to PEDRERAS say,
"The dross for which he sighs,
"If I can win ANGELICA,
"Shall soon delight his eyes."

The father said no more, but strait
To stern PEDRERAS flew;—
The sordid being's joy was great
When he the errand knew:

This offer but enflam'd the more
His boundless love of gold;
He hop'd that for a mine of ore
His daughter might be sold.

"Let him explore for me a mine,"
The crafty viceroy said,
"And this adopted son of thine
"Shall then obtain the maid."

LORENZO to his son return'd,
To tell the luckless news;—
CAMIRA the condition spurn'd,
And nobly did refuse.

"These terms which Av'rice does propose,"
The sad CAMIRA cry'd,
"When I accept, may all the woes
"Of guilt my life betide!

"If perfidy, as well as gold,
"ANGELICA must buy,
"She never can to me be sold,"
He said—and heav'd a sigh.

"For if I should the paths disclose
"Which lead the golden way,
"My people, to their murd'rous foes,
"Were then an easy prey;

"Forbid it Heav'n! that I should prove
"So treacherous and base,
"To sacrifice, for her I love,
"My kindred Indian race:

"To Virtue's voice, to Honor's tie,
"Should I prove thus untrue,
"With what a traitor's face should I,
"My father, look on you!

"Our int'rests change with time and place,
"And oft we miss them too;
"With age our passions die apace,
"Nor can we life renew;

"But *Virtue*, spite of place, or time,
"Or accident, or pain,
"Can o'er misfortune rise sublime,
"And well our souls sustain."

He said,—and, from that trying hour,
With books his time employ'd;
And strove to triumph o'er the power
Which had his peace destroy'd;

He strove, by Virtue's aid, to tower
O'er Love, that sway'd his mind;
But strove in vain—Love's mighty power
Did still CAMIRA bind.

He shuns ANGELICA; but still
Her image haunts his rest;
Her love, her charms, her merits fill
His agitated breast:

For wonted peace of mind he sighs;—
Assail'd by black Despair,
To Indian haunts at last he flies,
To gather riches there.

PEDRERAS' thirst of gold to sate,
The faithful lover fled;—
The priest deplor'd CAMIRA's fate;
He thought his son was dead:

But, ah! what language can pourtray
ANGELICA's distress!
For much she mourn'd her lover's stay,
Nor was her wonder less.

No friend had she to soothe her grief,
Or make her wonder less;
None gave the love-lorn maid relief,
For none her grief could guess.

Her virgin modesty forbore
Her sorrow to impart;
The more she sought to hide, the more
Grief prey'd upon her heart;

It blights the roses on her cheeks,
Her radiant eyes obscures;
And oft the smother'd sigh bespeaks
The anguish she endures;

For gone is he on whom her heart
With love-sick fondness clings;
Twelve months Affliction's poignant dart
Her constant bosom stings:

Her bosom's friend she faithless deems,
Or worse than faithless, dead;
No ray of comfort on her beams,
And even Hope hath fled!

To stern PEDRERAS she repairs,—
Low at his feet she falls,
And prays to end her woes and cares
Within a convent's walls.

The sordid parent gives consent,
Now disappointed grown;
Nor knows the churl with what intent
The Indian youth hath flown.

Within a convent's dismal gloom,
A mourning novice now,
She longs to meet her final doom,
And take the fatal vow.

She longs for Peace, her once dear guest,
And hopes the sacred pile,
And nuns, by sweet Religion bless'd,
Will soon her woe beguile.

Meanwhile LORENZO wept and sigh'd
For his adopted son:
He felt, within his heart, a void—
He felt himself alone:

And oft his aged form he bent,
And oft, with moisten'd eye,
He look'd the way CAMIRA went,
And hope began to die!

The ev'ning ere that solemn day
(Her sad noviciate done),
Which was to give to heav'n away
The self-devoted nun;

'Twas then LORENZO's spirit died,
While, sadly, at his door,
He mus'd on av'rice, pow'r and pride,
And gave CAMIRA o'er.

His eyes beheld the setting sun
Receding from his view;
"Oh, that my race," he cry'd, "were run,
"And I could set like you!"

As on his fading beams he casts
His sorrow-clouded eyes,
He feels how soon misfortune blasts
All bliss beneath the skies;

He looks, and on his feeble sight
A human figure grows;
He wonders at his rapid flight—
With hope his bosom glows!

"Ah, would it were my son!" he cries—
A youth approaches near.
"It is thy son," a voice replies—
"Behold CAMIRA here!"

'Tis he himself!—LORENZO holds
CAMIRA to his breast!
And soon the youth a tale unfolds
That makes LORENZO bless'd.

In transport cries the faithful swain,
"Oh, happiness divine!
"If wealth can now that bliss obtain,
"ANGELICA is mine!

"Twelve mules can scarcely bear the ore
"For which PEDRERAS sighs;
"This treasure at his feet I'll pour,
"To gain a richer prize!

"But, ah! my friend, I read thy thought,
"And well thy doubts perceive;
"Then know that I have practis'd nought
"Which can thy virtue grieve:

"I have employ'd no guilty wiles,
"No countrymen betray'd,
"While I amass'd the glitt'ring spoils,
"To win my charming maid.

"Among my Indian friends I found,
"And dug the valu'd ore,
"And deeply in far distant ground
"I lodg'd the shining store.

"By Indian aid, the Christian's good
"From native depths I drew;
"And merited, unstain'd by blood,
"ANGELICA and you.

"An hundred journeys, full of toil,
"I bore for her dear sake;—
"To gain my Christian charmer's smile,
"I would a thousand take!

" Where mountains rear their towering heads
" On CHILI's barren coast,
" A mass of golden treasure spreads,
" Which might enrich a host;

" There shall the viceroy think he sees
" The mine which he requires,
" And there behold enough to please
" His covetous desires."

To old PEDRERAS they relate
The unexpected news;—
He hastens to avert the fate
Which threats the fair recluse.

Forth from the convent's gloom he leads
The willing, wond'ring maid:
Now rapture to despair succeeds,
And sunshine scatters shade!

The cloister's coarse and dismal weeds
To bridal robes give place;
With fluttering bosom she proceeds,
And timid, modest grace.

But, ah! what eloquence can paint
The bliss each lover feels,
When close he clasps the recent saint,
And she her love reveals?

"Ecstatic bliss!" CAMIRA cries,
"Which richly overpays,
"For all my nights of tears and sighs,
"And mournful, toilsome days."

LORENZO saw,—and bless'd the day
He made the youth his son;—
He bless'd, and made ANGELICA
And his CAMIRA one!

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF

DOCTOR JOSEPH YOULE:

Who died February 24, 1795.

SWIFT drives the chilly snow—the eastern blast
With howlings terrible afflicts the ear;
The sky with tenfold gloom is overcast,
And wintry horrors on each side appear:

Nature, convuls'd with sympathetic throes,
Sighs sad responses to the Muse's moan;
And the loud storm expresses as it blows,
In dismal strains—the Muse's friend is gone!

Ah! there is cause for Nature to complain,
And those with Nature's warm impressions blest;
For sure, of all the fav'rites in her train,
He felt her pow'r, and lov'd her image best.

Weep, Sorrow's heirs!—for who will now afford
Such consolation to the tortur'd mind?
What heart will vibrate, with such sweet accord,
To all the various woes of human kind?

'Twas thine, benignant Being! to impart
The wretch's solace, Pity's cordial drop;
And oft, with skill divine, thy healing art
Gave suff'ring fellow mortals life and hope!

Nature thy docile mind had richly fraught
With early judgment, genius, taste refin'd;
Thee, NEWTON's lore sublimest truths had taught,
And HARTLEY's page illum'd thy vig'rous mind.

And art thou gone?—And has that wond'rous mind,
So soon, alas! forsaken its fair home?
And are those earthly relics, too, consign'd
To a long night of darkness, and—a tomb?

Not long had Life's warm stream been taught to glide,
Scarce Manhood's roseate bloom had grac'd thy form,
When GOD, its maker, laid that form beside
The "valley's clods,"—a victim to the worm!

Mute is that sweet, persuasive voice, which seem'd
To give to *Truth* a more attractive charm;
And Death's dun shades have clos'd those eyes, that beam'd
Smiles, which could ev'ry foe but Death disarm.

Oh! he was all that Friendship's pow'r could grant,
All that his bosom friend could wish below!
Now that fond heart has ceas'd for friends to pant,
Nor longer struggles to embrace a foe.

Insatiate Death! ah, never didst thou gain
A richer conquest than is now thy boast:
Inexorable spoiler! what vast pain,
And grief, and ruin, has thine empire cost!

Sov'reign of worlds! command his reign to cease,
Nor let the tyrant thus thy works deface:
Ah! when shall order, life, and health, and peace,
Of his wide-spreading ravages take place?

Art thou not good, and merciful, and just?—
"Rash man! he is,"—a pow'r unseen replies—
"And shall a worm, whose origin is dust,
"Presume to teach the *infinitely wise*?

"Shrink into nothing when you view a maze
"Which feeble Reason vainly would explore;
"Nor dare to question Heav'n's mysterious ways,
"But hope and tremble, wonder and adore!"

Ev'n so, dread Being! to thy will we bend,—
Mortality's dark curtain thou hast drawn;
But thou hast said, our dear departed friend
Shall yet behold the Resurrection dawn.

It must be so—then hence profane distrust;
Let gratulations rather tune our lay;
For, hark! the trump awakes his slumb'ring dust,
And, lo! he soars to uncreated day!

See him with NEWTON, matchless sage, unite;
LOCKE, HARTLEY, hail him Science' darling son,—
And JESUS—oh! ineffable delight!
Rewards his humble follower with—"well done!"

There nobler pow'rs will now enlarge his mind;
Far other themes will there those pow'rs employ;
And endless ages still new sources find
Of higher knowledge and increasing joy.

Here *Faith* and *Hope* could tempt his languid sight,—
Now vision satisfies his raptur'd gaze;
Here long-sought *Truth* could shed a glimm'ring light,
But now she quite absorbs him in her blaze!

There *Charity* in full perfection shines;
Her beatific sway is there confess'd:
No earth-born frailty mars her pure designs,
For *Love divine* irradiates ev'ry breast.

Oh, blissful change!—then why that change deplore?
Alas! 'tis weak Humanity's complaint
For a lov'd mortal—mortal now no more—
Who lives for ever an enraptur'd saint!

Yes, fond remembrance still must force a sigh,
And big emotions heave the manly breast;
Oft shall the drop from Virtue's placid eye,
Bedew the hillock where his ashes rest.

This best memorial of the good and wise,
"Like precious ointment" on his urn "pour'd forth,"
Shall counsel thoughtless, erring youth to prize,
And, haply, imitate such signal worth.

Me, *Mem'ry*, may thy constant pow'r engage,
To tread the pious track which he has trod;
So shall the lessons of my youthful sage
Conduct his pupil to our father—GOD!

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

DECEASED FRIENDS.

Written in October, 1798, on Long-Island.

IN Summer's green liv'ry array'd
I late saw the grove and the lawn;
Their beauties—ah! see how they fade;
Their honors—how soon they are gone!

Now vapours, portentous and black,
The azure expanse overcast;
The birds this chill region forsake,
The time of their singing is past.

'Tis silent—of air not a breath
The forest's dun foliage assails;
Alas! how the silence of death
O'er thousands this moment prevails!

'Tis silent—save oft when the leaf,
Now lifeless, by Autumn imbrown'd,
Like the subject of LYCIDAS' grief,
Falls mournfully rustling around.

Ev'n frequent as Autumn's shorn leaves,
The friends of his bosom depart;
Each day's dreaded rumour bereaves
Of its comforts, his sorrowful heart.

So stood the good Patriarch of old,
For trials and patience renown'd;
Scarce one fatal message was told,
When, lo! greater evils surround.

Oh, Death! what a terrible void
Thy victims have left in this breast!
What sources of bliss are destroy'd!
What hopes hast thou render'd unblest!

My juvenile hopes were laid low,
When a father acknowledg'd thy pow'r;
And many a merciless blow
Hath struck at my peace since that hour.

My conjugal joys thou didst blast;
My bosom's first love felt thy dart:
Ev'n her whose affections were fast
Entwin'd in the folds of my heart.

Oh! choice of my earliest prime,
The partner my soul held most dear,
No circumstance ever thro' time,
From me thy lov'd image shall tear!

A sister I've liv'd to lament:
Ah! who can imagine the woe
A husband endur'd at the event!
Or a mother's despair at the blow!

Those too by that mother belov'd,
With a sister's benignant regard,
Our country's dread plague hath remov'd
To the place of their endless reward.

Thy toil, son of Neptune, is o'er;
Thy tales of the Ocean's rough wave,
In accents as rough, charm no more;
That Ocean, alas! was thy grave.

Thee too I deplore, lately lost
To the husband whose parents were mine;
A mother's fond love thou couldst boast;
The wife's best affections were thine.

Nor can the Muse, thankless, withhold
The tribute she owes her lost friends;
Ah! no, each sad tale must be told,
While Sympathy over them bends.

Tho' Pride rears no column or bust,
Their green-tufted graves to adorn;
Tho' Flatt'ry insults not their dust,
Like those who to titles were born;

Yet LYCIDAS oft shall rehearse
Their eulogy artlessly true;
Their merits shall sanction my verse,
Far better than titles could do.

My juvenile hopes were laid low,
When a father acknowledg'd thy pow'r;
And many a merciless blow
Hath struck at my peace since that hour.

My conjugal joys thou didst blast;
My bosom's first love felt thy dart:
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Tho' Pride rears no column or bust,
Their green-tufted graves to adorn;
Tho' Flatt'ry insults not their dust,
Like those who to titles were born;

Yet Lyc[illegible]as oft shall rehearse
Their eulogy artlessly true;
Their merits shall sanction my verse,
Far better than titles could do.

First thou,* the instructor of those
Whom nature hath giv'n me to raise,
A life of much value didst close,
Its value transcends my weak praise.

My offsprings' sage Mentor is gone;
His converse was grateful to me;
For Science proclaim'd him her son,
And Truth made him liberal and free.

My kinsman † and friend next demands
A place in these sorrowful lays;
Few bosoms such kindness expands;
Few hearts such sincerity sways.

But chief, oh, thou ‡ friend of my youth!
I sicken to publish thy fate;
Just God! that such virtue and truth
Were doom'd to so transient a date!

* Evan Thomas.

† John H. Kip.

‡ John F. Roorbach, Esq.

Oh! faithfullest, tend'rest of those
Whom Providence kindly had giv'n,
To lessen the numberless woes
Which thwarted my passage to Heav'n!

Beneficent, gentle and meek,
And courteous wast thou to thy kind;
Well skill'd to establish the weak,
And hearts which were broken to bind!

The orphan and stranger are left,
Unfriended, to sigh o'er thine urn;
Of counsellor, patron, bereft;
Ah! never again to return.

'Twas thine to sustain well thy part
In all the relations of life:
Thy children were dear to thine heart;
How precious to thee was thy wife!

While mem'ry its vigour retains,
How oft will the scene rise to view,
When o'er thy beloved remains,
Her sorrows she came to renew!

Weep, beautiful mourner! ah, weep
O'er the virtues which there lie enshrin'd!
For there must thy happiness sleep,
'Till with him once more thou art join'd.

Fell Fever! whose baneful attack
Lays cities and villages low;
My mem'ry, with horror, shrinks back
In reviewing thy labours of woe.

Bid the angel of ruin desist,
Oh! thou whom all nature obeys,
Let a remnant to praise thee exist,
Tho' remembrance must sadden their praise.

Thy dealings are in the great deep;
Let mortals adore and be still:
The mis'ry which prompts us to weep,
Is goodness disguis'd under ill.

Oh! teach me submission and trust,
Let gratitude gladden my days;
Convinc'd that thy chast'nings are just,
And merciful still are thy ways.

Thro' ills that were wont to betide;
Diseases, and sorrows, and tears;
I own thee my youth's gracious guide,
And guardian of life's riper years.

Thy terrible angel of death,
Innoxious my dwelling past by,
While thousands surrender'd their breath;
My Maker, how favour'd am I!

Oh! let me not, impious, repine,
That now fewer friends are my lot;
But see the hand equally thine,
Which spar'd my companions or not!

While others' chief good is their wealth,
Oh! grant me but competence, LORD;
Content, if here virtue and health,
And THOU be at last my reward!

EPITAPH

ON

JOHN FREDERICK ROORBACH, Esq.

Who died October 3, 1798, of the Fever then prevailing in New-York.

TO know his worth whose dust reposes here,
Ah! view the anguish of his widow'd wife,
Who only lives her orphan babes to rear,
Like their dear father, for immortal life!

Ask his bereaved friends if he was true;
Was he benevolent? consult the poor:
Their tears, which oft his lov'd remains bedew,
Shall testify that his reward is sure.

If Chance to this lone spot should e'er convey
A mind with sense, an heart with feeling blest;
Sweet Sympathy shall consecrate this lay,
By sacred Friendship's trembling hand impress'd!

EPITAPH

ON

A FRIEND.

No more Misanthropy's unhallow'd breath
Shall blast the meed of praise bestow'd at death;
For, Truth declares,—this mould'ring heap of earth
Was once endow'd with more than common worth:
Ye children of misfortune left behind,
Say, was he not the friend of human kind?
Your tears his rare beneficence attest,
You mourn him dead, who, living, made you blest!

ANOTHER.

THE mould'ring form within this tomb confin'd,
Once boasted vigour, once a vig'rous mind;
That virtues, eminent like his, can die,
His friends shall often witness with a sigh;
And say, when passing by this well-known grave,
'Here rests the good, the just, the wise, the brave:'
'Mong fallen men so few like him remain,
"We scarce shall look upon his like again."
The friend of human kind, his country's friend,
And, in one word, his eulogy to end,
(Let truth say more of monarchs if it can)
Here lies "GOD's noblest work—an *honest man.*"

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF

Mr. JOHN LOUDON;

Sung in Lodge on the night after his interment.

Mr. Loudon was slain by the accidental discharge of a musket during a Military Review.

OUR friend is gone!—this solemn hour
Too well describes what we deplore;
Our sorrow, and these weeds attest,
What virtues warm'd his manly breast.

Our brother's gone!—ye who revere
Masonic worth, ah, drop a tear!
The tear of grief—your friend is slain!
The tear of joy—he lives again!

'Twas Love the fatal weapon aim'd;
Mysterious Heav'n its offspring claim'd;
From GOD his gentle soul he drew!
To GOD his gentle spirit flew!

Dear LOUDON! much lamented youth!
Ah! teach our souls this awful truth,—
Soon each of us must fall, like you;
But shall we rise triumphant too?

We shall, if first, like you, we place
Our feet on Virtue's steadfast base;
We then in peace our eyes shall close,
And rise, we trust, as you arose!

INSCRIPTION

FOR

Mr. TAYLOR's NORTH-RIVER BATH.

ERE Sol emerges from the eastern main,
Here plunge—and half his fervor shall be vain;
Or when his orb to Thetis seems to sink,
No longer loiter on fair Hudson's brink.
Immortal Hudson! fam'd in ev'ry clime,
Gentle, tho' vast—tho' beautiful, sublime;
From northern heights he draws his crystal tides,
And greets our shores as he majestic glides;
Hygeia's blooming train to us he brings,
And healing from his ample bosom springs.
While pigmy rivers flow in classic strain,
Shall Hudson's mighty waters flow in vain?
Let ancient bards extol their pools of mud,
'Tis mine to sing the clear, translucent flood:
No stream we need, like Egypt's boasted Nile,
With feculence to fertilize the soil,
While genial showers enrich Manhattan's isle;

For rapid Hudson, deep, saline and clear,
Wafts purity, and health, and beauty here.
Transcendent river! while thy current flows,
Or the bright mirror Beauty's image shows,
In thee the fair shall view her form, and lave,
And man still seek thy cool, refreshing wave;
From thee the young new vigour shall derive;
Thy healthful stream shall feeble age revive;
Thy virtues even mental aid dispense,
And mankind go with cheerful spirits hence;
The fair from thy embrace more lovely shall retire,
And that which cools their own, their lovers' breasts shall fire!

July 2, 1799.

THE

LOVER's COMPLAINT.

Written in 1784.

RETURN, Contentment, placid maid!
Who once this bosom didst pervade;
With cheerful look and graceful mien,
Revisit this once happy scene;
And bring thy fair companions too,
The cherub Peace, and Health with rosy hue:
But Health, Content, and all terrestrial bliss,
Are only found where STREPHON's DELIA is.
Then come, bereaved, sympathetic dove,
Whose constancy and innocence I love;
Thou too, sweet songster, lovelorn Philomel!
In dulcet strains thy passion tell;
Let thy mellifluous warblings swell,
Till melody enchants the list'ning grove:

Come, tuneful bird, and with me mourn
A lover, hopeless and forlorn;
And soothingly thy wild notes join,
In unison with these complaints of mine;
For much I love those plaintive lays of thine,
We will invoke the lovely absent fair,
To smile benignant on our melting prayer;
And Echo shall reverberate her praise,
Whose beauteous image STREPHON's bosom sways!

Yet, oh, Contentment, goddess fair!
Heart-cheering presence! heav'n-born child!
Lamb like! beautiful and mild!
I would again thy blissful influence share;
Oh, come, "with healing on thy wings!"
For grief consumes my life away,
By silent night, by cheerful day;
Nor night, nor cheerful day enjoyment brings;
Where Winter wraps the northern pole,
Or where Arcadian beauty springs,
Alike I wander, wrap'd in gloom;
Alike to me revolving seasons roll;
Still anxious fears and doubts disturb my soul,
While DELIA's charms in distant regions bloom,

But I, alas! still raise, in vain,
Th' impassion'd, supplicating strain,
To blest Content, and Peace, angelic fair;
For where, ah! where can they be found?
Nor Solitude, nor Pleasure's giddy round,
Can dissipate this heart-corroding care:
DELIA is peace and pure delight,
Sad STREPHON's antidote against despair;
She, she alone can peace and joy excite,
Ineffable sensations can impart,
And shed upon his bosom sun-shine bright;
DELIA can cure "the sickness of his heart,
"Which languishes for bliss the fates defer;"
For his affections centre all in her:
Oh, may he live to number happier days,
And yet, with ecstacy, on her perfections gaze.

Heart-sinking Absence, foe to life!
Thine is this perpetual strife
Between gay Hope and merciless Despair;
Thou dost this doating, love-sick bosom tear,
Too oft with causeless, but severe alarms,
While DELIA's far from these protecting arms:
Thou dost, with jealous fires, inflame my soul,

Which harrow all my powers with scorpion fangs;
Which ev'ry gentle passion can controul,
Inflicting agonizing pangs.
Hated Absence! thou hast slain
All that did my mind sustain,
And hast left me nought but pain,
Ling'ring days and restless nights,
Sleep disturb'd by wild affrights:—
In vain I sigh,
In vain implore
Some pitying power
To aid my cry,
Till Hope's expiring rays in evanescence die.

When vernal days their genial influence yield,
And clothe with life and verdure ev'ry field;
When blythe Aurora from the orient moves,
And smiling sun-beams paint the lawns and groves;
Or Ev'ning's shade resumes its sober reign;
'Tis irksome all to STREPHON—wretched swain!
No charms for thee has Spring:
For thee no more the feather'd people sing;—
With DELIA Nature's scenery took wing:

No more do streams meander thro' the trees;—
DELIA is absent—nothing now can please;
Or vainly murmur, as they glide
O'er the pebbles, which subside;
On their margins verdure growing,
Vernal zephyrs gently blowing;
Beauteous flowers the eye amusing,
And Arabian sweets diffusing:
Congenial Nature sighs;
To me her varied beauties she denies,
While Nature's DELIA thus prolongs her stay:
Then, oh! no longer thy return delay,
But "haste, my love; dear charmer, come away!"

Lamented be that inauspicious day
Which took my DELIA from these shores away,
To distant climes forlorn,
And left her faithful STREPHON long to mourn
His choicest treasure from his bosom torn:
Ah, day unblest!—but hold! no more complain,
Fond heart, for joy now dawns on thee again:
Behold the fair one come;
With love-sped haste she braves the dang'rous main,
To bless her native home;

I see, I see her smiles divine!
Love's supreme delights are mine!
My heart o'erflows!
My bosom glows!
Sorrow fades!
Joy invades
Th' intoxicated senses!
Doubt, and fear, and grief are o'er,
Again does Love his thrilling raptures pour,
Again I clasp the nymph whom I adore,
And STREPHON's wish'd-for bliss at last commences.
Two kindred hearts shall now their loves confess,
And Hymen's sanction our attachment bless;
Soon shall the fair my constancy repay,
And conjugal endearments crown each day;
Our mutual vows shall mutual trust ensure,
And our felicity with life endure.

SONNET

TO AN

INFANT.

MY little cherub, lovely, blooming boy!
Whose sweet endearments can my cares beguile;
Whose antic sports, and accents infantile,
From musings sad can 'wake my soul to joy.
O'er thy lov'd features plays the dimpling smile,
And health now mantles in thy downy cheek;
But thou art yet a babe; and very weak
Are all thy faculties; dear, fragile germe
Of future man, that heav'n-aspiring worm!
If sickness menace thee, or aught molest,
Then all the father thrills in ev'ry nerve;
Then speechless feelings agitate the breast
Which would its charmer cherish and preserve,
And there thy fondness clings, and there thou art caress'd.

ABSENCE.

REMOTE from all my soul holds dear,
How slow the minutes glide;
Alternate sadness, grief and fear,
Disturb my anxious bosom here,
Where ANNA don't reside.

To her endearments lost awhile,
Gay Nature hath no charms;
Nor rural scenes, nor Friendship's smile,
PALEMON's passion can beguile,
While far from ANNA's arms.

To yonder cloud-encompass'd height
I look with longing eyes;
How slowly sinks yon orb of light,
And, ah! the space which bars my sight
From ev'ry thing I prize!

Soon may that power, whose wisdom still
Hath mark'd with good, as well as ill,
My variegated life,
PALEMON to his love convey;
Oh! speed, kind heav'n, the blissful day,
When he may call her wife!

ODE
TO
CHARITY.

Sung in St. Paul's Church on the 24th day of June, 1789, being the Anniversary of the Festival of St. John the Baptist.

RECITATIVE.

FROM regions of immortal bliss above,
Impart thy heav'nly emanations, *Love!*
Soul of our Order! Patron of this Day!
Inspire our hearts, and prompt the solemn lay.

AIR.

Come, *Beauty* of th' eternal Sire!
Whose justice we adore,
Whose power and wisdom we admire,—
Thy smiles attract us more!

Faith may command the visual ray,
Futurity to scan;
And *Hope*, by Fancy led astray,
May picture heav'n to man:

But thou, blest *Charity!* canst give
Compassion's thrill divine;
From thee we heav'nly joys derive,
For joy and heav'n are thine!

CHORUS.

And when *Faith* and *Hope* shall fade,
When heav'n's glories are display'd,
When, with transports vast and new,
Things ineffable we view;
Then, Religion's source and aim,
Love shall still exist the same;
Love divine shall be our theme,
Love—eternal and supreme!
This, this alone our constant heav'n shall prove—
The GOD of heav'n is everlasting *Love!*

ODE

FOR

St. JOHN's DAY, June 24, 1790.

Performed at the Consecration of the Building erected for the use of Holland Lodge, and the Washington Chapter of Royal Arch Masons.

RECITATIVE.

THE work is done—let praise pervade these courts;
The work which *Wisdom* plann'd, and *Strength* supports;
Now *Beauty* adds an all-enliv'ning smile,
And joins with us to consecrate the pile.
Thus when Creation, at th' Almighty nod,
From Chaos rose, and own'd its maker, GOD,
The morning stars, in heav'nly concert play'd,
And angels sung the wonders he had made!

AIR.

Thou who didst launch, thro' boundless space,
Ten thousand worlds, and fix their base
Where *Wisdom*, *Power* and *Order* join,
To prove the mighty system thine!

Stupendous Architect! when man
(An atom in Creation's plan)
Attempts to tell thy wond'rous ways,
How poor, how languid are his lays!

And shall he, with thy deeds compare
His earth-born skill, his works of air?
Great Cause of worlds immense, how vain!
All perfect Being, how profane!

But when, in all its charms array'd,
Thy *Moral Beauty* is display'd,
'Tis good for man to imitate
Perfections infinitely great!

For, while we own the glory thine,
And shout Omnipotence divine!
Grace shall accept the off'ring, paid
By creatures whom that grace hath made.

And when, thro' universal space,
All *Labour* shall to *Rest* give place;
The vast reward to virtue due,
Complete fruition shall ensue!

CHORUS.

Let glory then redound
To heav'n's eternal King;
In whom our *Wisdom* still is found,
From whom our *Strength* and *Beauty* spring!

ANTHEM.

Sung in Trinity Church, on St. John's Day, June 24, 1793, by the Episcopal Charity Children.

FROM the seat of bliss above,
Shed thy genial influence, *Love*;
Friend of man—the Mason's friend,
Heav'n-born *Charity* descend!

Beauty of th' eternal Sire!
Whom, for thee, we most admire;
Rapture of th' angelic throng,
Fire our hearts, and prompt our song!

Cold is selfish man at best,
When he succours the distrest;
But, without *thy* soft'ning thrill
Wretches must be wretched still.

Servile Fear, the world's applause,
Or stern Duty's frigid laws,
May th' unwilling hand controul,
But can never warm the soul.

How unlike *thy* purer flame,
Charity! thou sacred name;
Mild subduer! healing dart!
Humanizer of the heart!

Faith, with intellectual eye,
Things eternal may descry:
Ardent *Hope*, by Fancy fir'd,
May *conceive* the heav'n desir'd;

But when *Charity* divine,
In the soul vouchsafes to shine,
Then it feels for human woe,
And *enjoys* a heav'n below!

How the full-fraught bosom glows!
From it—what compassion flows!
Vital spark, oh! strike each breast;
Flint shall yield, and man be blest!

And, when *Faith* and *Hope* shall fade,
When heav'n's glories are display'd,
When, with transports vast and new,
Things ineffable we view—

Then *Religion*'s source and aim,
Love shall still exist the same;
Love alone our heav'n shall prove,
For our GOD is endless *Love!*

A MASONIC HYMN.

LET the wond'rous theme be sung,
How from Chaos Order sprung;
How the great, eternal *mind*
Wisdom, *Strength* and *Beauty* join'd.

Wisdom first the basis laid,
Strength the mighty fabric made,
Beauty smil'd, and joyous light
Shone on all divinely bright.

Wisdom from th' Almighty came—
Wisdom is our Master's name,
Western *Strength* supports our hands,
In the south our *Beauty* stands.

See the Sun majestic rise!
Lo, he gains meridian skies!—
Now his glory sets in night,
Soon again to bless our sight!

Thus our brother's mind shall grow,
Knowing, and still more to know,
Till illum'd, the mental eye,
Phœbus like, shall mount the sky.

Strike the bold Masonic lyre!
Feel you not the gen'rous fire?—
Sound a louder note, and sing,
Hope shall bear us on her wing!

Bear us up at length sublime,
Far beyond the bourn of time;
Then shall each Masonic grace
To unceasing *Love* give place.

To KOTZEBUE.

To thee, Germania's pride, the ornament,
And friend, and benefactor of the world;
The purest, sweetest among modern bards
Who tread the difficult dramatic path,
Or whom Thalia counts among her sons;
To thee I fain would pay the tribute due
To signal excellence, to merit rare,
And genius various, vigorous like thine:
Of thy transcendent talents, fain would I,
In strains that well should suit the subject, sing;
And tell how rich thy fancy, how enlarged
Thy philanthropic, energetic mind,
Thy genius how original and vast,
And how propitious is thy moral muse:
But all thy various excellence to sing,
And paint thee truly, were to paint like thee.
Not on me, KOTZEBUE, devolves the task;
Enchanting dramatist! 'tis not for me
To blazon thy renown, or strive to swell,
With my presumptuous, feeble breath to swell

The son'rous note which Fame's loud trumpet blows,
Which tells the sentimental world of thee,
And bids true taste to read thee and admire.

Yet I must jeopardize my little mite
Of impotent applause; tho' impotent,
Sincere and cordial, emanating from
A heart to nature and thy painting true:
Yes, often have thy scenic pictures, oft
Those moral truths and sentiments refin'd,
Which designate the labours of thy pen,
And stamp the chaste dramatic pages thine,
Upon that heart impress'd their magic power,
Exciting exquisite emotions there.
Inimitable bard! excell'd by none,
Save him whose labours honour Britain's isle;
Thou second SHAKESPEARE—for, like him in love
With nature, all her works and ways, and all
Her various workings in the human heart,
Well dost thou know, and well exhibit too;
Combining all that's just and wise in man,
Whate'er is amiable, noble, great,
And dignify'd, and beautiful, and good,
In one accomplish'd character; to win

Our souls to virtue, and to make us see
Its beauty, and its sacred influence feel.
Nor dost thou "Nature's modesty o'erstep,"
To aid, concentrate, polish, and perfect
All that is good in multifarious man;
For, Nature's wond'rous art perform'd the same,
When she produc'd th' accomplish'd WASHINGTON.

Yes, Nature is thy perfect pattern, she,
At once thine idol and thy polar star,
Claims all thy rev'rence, fashions all thy plans.
Of her enamour'd, still dost thou delight
To shew thine idol in her best attire,
Her loveliest actions, most engaging forms,
And colours most attractive; lovely most
When the great characters thy pencil draws;
Their nicest traits, their strongest lineaments,
By all the scenic beauties of the stage,
Are aided and preserv'd; and when enforc'd
And grac'd by HODGKINSON's theatric powers:
His powers can give thine interesting scenes
Increasing int'rest; well does he conceive,
With nice discernment and a taste correct,
Thy numberless perfections; well does he

Thine elegant simplicity display,
With all the actor's skill, the actor's grace:
Thy charming pictures, by his happy aid,
Strike the rapt auditor's awaken'd sense
With all the beauty, emphasis and force
Thou didst intend; and make him see, and think,
And feel, and understand, almost like thee.
In ev'ry point to thee and Nature true,
To ev'ry word and sentiment of thine
He gives appropriate energy and beauty,
And ev'ry passage yields its just effect.
Whether his animated acting rouse
The glow of patriot fervour, or inspire
The love of honour, freedom, truth, or if
It make the virtuous mind abhorrent turn
From the dread view of hell-engender'd vice,
Oppression, cruelty, ingratitude,
And savage lust, and scoundrel perfidy;
Or if the melting pathos of the scene
Infuse its sweet, benign and subtle influence
In the susceptible, ingenuous heart,
Which ever is to sympathy alive,
And quivers at the slightest touch of woe;
Which knows to realize the vast distress,

And tender int'rest of the tragic scene,
Enjoys the bliss of sentiment, and feels
The enviable luxury of tears—
Alike thou dost enlighten, please, instruct,
Reform the manners, regulate the taste,
Delight the fancy, and amend the heart.

Sweet philosophic poet! in whose works
The blaze of native genius, and the depths
Of solid science, happily unite:
In whose enchanting dramas, all the charms,
The fancy, the sublimity, and beauty
Of poesy, and all the force and sense
Of temp'rate prose, in sweet accordance blend.
Thou, thou alone hast found the arduous art,
To weave momentous, philosophic truths,
Political and moral truths to weave,
With wond'rous skill, in thy dramatic web;
To harmonize instruction and delight,
And make the drama well subserve the cause
Of truth and virtue, spite of prejudice,
Which only in the sacred desk beholds
The torch of Truth, or Virtue's awful presence:
Not thus beholds enlighten'd Charity,

Not thus do Reason and Experience judge:
For, while the scenic exhibition gives
Delight and admiration; while we dwell,
Enraptur'd dwell upon thy charming themes,
Our senses, passions, reason, all our powers
Are marshall'd on the side of Truth and Virtue.
Proceed, great author! Error's baseless walls
Continue still to slowly, surely sap;
In Beauty's garb let Reason still appear,
And Truth's commanding voice in thee be heard.

Nor hast thou caught the phrenzy of the age,
The factious cant, th' enthusiastic zeal
Of modern politicians; proof against
Their specious systems is thy stronger mind.
Averse alike to tyranny, which gives
To suff'ring man his most afflictive ills,
Destroying or eclipsing "half his worth;"
And that licentious liberty, which spurns
At salutary rule and just restraint,
And mars the blessings of the social state;
Thou dost decry them both, and both avoid;
Pursuing still that temp'rate, happy mean,
That rational and practicable course,

Which all the lib'ral and enlighten'd take,
And which benevolence must still pursue.

Thy num'rous labours are alike exempt
From that impure and vicious taste, which once
Upon Thalia's sons brought foul disgrace;
And from that trick, and foppery, and froth,
With which the modern Thespian school abounds.
Pure is thy gold, oh poet! No alloy
Of hackney'd sentiment, or vapid wit,
Its native brightness sullies, or impairs
Its sterling value: brilliant are thy gems,
And precious and intrinsic is their worth:
They, with no counterfeit or borrow'd lustre,
On mental vision glare a transient beam,
And cheat the sense with meretricious beauty.
With bold, original, and daring genius,
With noble independence, and a taste
Correct and polish'd, thou hast spu: the bounds
To which scholastic pedantry, to which
Th' imperious voice of ancient prejudice
Had long confin'd the drama; broke the spell,
(As Albion's SHAKESPEARE erst) the slavish spell,
By ages consecrated, sanction'd still

By those who make antiquity their guide;
Who view its dogmas with religious awe,
And by its crude opinions square their own:
Long its absurd and arbitrary rules
Have kept in vassalage the mental world,
Repress'd the fire of genius, and controul'd,
And warp'd, and fetter'd man's improving powers;
Which Nature did ordain, with ev'ry age
To grow more perfect, more sublime to rise,
And unrestrain'd to wing their tow'ring flight.
These artificial rules thy taste contemns,
These false restraints it greatly sets at nought;
Successfully hast thou exploded these,
Or hast improv'd—no bounds thy genius knows,
Except the limits Nature hath prescrib'd,
And cultivated Reason does approve.

Thy vig'rous mind, or in the comic path,
Or grave Melpomene's majestic walks,
Is greatly adequate to ev'ry theme;
Is skill'd alike to paint the splendid scene
Where regal pomp presides, and courtly tongues
Sublimely talk, and kingly footsteps grace,

August and dignified, the Thespian boards;
Or humbler, more endearing scenes to draw,
Of sweet domestic bliss, of worth obscure,
Or social, or ascetic; these thou lov'st
To trace and copy with a master's hand:
Well dost thou know to give to scenes like these,
That dignity which falsely nice observers,
(Recreant to Nature's most engaging charms,)
Which frigid, squeamish hypercritics want,
To save their feelings from disgust and spleen:
Nor, such to please, dost thou neglect to give
Those soft, affecting touches, which can move
Ev'n the cold heart of stoic apathy,
And make the thoughtless libertine reflect.
Oh! who so sweetly can delineate,
So feelingly, yet simply can describe,
Maternal anguish or parental joy?
The lover's ecstacies, and hopes, and fears?
Th' impassion'd plaint of conjugal distress?
Of conjugal felicity the charms?
Friendship disint'rested, and pure and warm?
The fond familiar intercourse of love,
And tenderness, and innocence, and peace?

With interesting characters like these,
And pictures thus benign, thou canst beguile
The wretch of suff'ring, smooth the brow of care,
Make thy attentive auditor keep pace
With ev'ry scene thy fertile muse pourtrays,
Sweetly transporting him to fairy land!
Poet of Nature! lovely are thy scenes,
And lovely all thine images to me:
Oh! still delight—oh! captivate me still,
And with thine intellectual beauties charm
One who admires, and venerates, and loves
Thy genius—an enthusiast in thy favour:
From him this off'ring, due to truth, accept;
This poor, unequal tribute of applause,
To thy desert unequal—but sincere,
And therefore not unworthy thy regard.

ON

MILTON's PARADISE LOST.

URANIA! prompt my daring lays,
While MILTON I attempt to praise;
The bard divine, the learned sage,
Whose genius glows in ev'ry page
Of that vast proof of human powers,
His epic strain: sublime it towers.
His thoughts by inspiration rise,
Ascending to empyreal skies:
Nor miss their way, nor fail to scan
GOD's grand designs to fallen man;
He sings how man, from bliss tho' cast,
Shall rise to higher bliss at last;
At last shall be to heav'n restor'd,
By woman's seed, heav'n's sov'reign Lord.
The Paradise of GOD, the hell
In which rebellious spirits dwell,
Permit his bold, poetic flight;—
Their wonders burst upon his sight.

Th' eternal "ancient of all days,"
Who universal Nature sways,
A glimpse of heav'nly glory deigns
To shed on his exalted strains.
He bids the heav'n of heav'ns display
Its splendours bright, of which one ray
Can dart intolerable day.
Lo! on his everlasting throne,
Jehovah's well-beloved Son;
See him in majesty divine,
Above celestial orders shine;
Behold the King of kings descend;
Adoring myriads to him bend,
And heav'n with acclamations rend.
In might omnipotent he goes,
To meet his sire's presumptuous foes;
His chariot-wheels of flaming fire,
And awful thunder speak his ire;
His wrath heav'n's pillar'd [illegible]akes,
And Tophet's deep foundation quakes;
He comes in dreadful pomp array'd—
The rebel hosts recoil dismay'd;
Aghast they wait th' impending doom,
Hell's caverns yawn to give them room;

And all the powers who dar'd rebel,
His thunder plunges down to hell:
From bliss supernal headlong hurl'd,
They now possess th' infernal world.
Personify'd the fallen crew,
To MILTON's fancy rise to view;
Death grins a smile with ghastly jaws,
And Sin, with snakes, her bosom gnaws;
Hell's monarch, 'midst immortal pangs,
His vanquish'd fellow fiends harangues;
With haughty port, and lowring brow,
He meditates revenge below.
Through Chaos now he wings his flight,
And horrors of primeval night;
Through elemental uproar sweeps,
Where [illegible] Misrule dominion keeps;
With strides Colossal, towards day
He fearless seeks his "uncouth way."

Thus MILTON's mind, like boundless space,
Could GOD's whole universe embrace;
From heav'n to Tartarus profound,
Could compass vast creation round:
Eternity, infinitude,

With more than mortal eyes he view'd;
Or saw as clear as mortal cou'd.
Exalted Bard! my feeble lays
Attempt in vain to sing thy praise;
Thy work, oh! fav'rite of the nine,
Shall with increasing lustre shine,
Till hoary Time his race hath run,
And Death's devouring work is done;
Shall flourish while this globe remains,
Unrivall'd still as now it reigns;
Sweet Poet! greatest of the three,
Whose labours we with rapture see;
For HOMER, VIRGIL, live alike in thee.

HYMN

FOR

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

BY sin and sense enslav'd too long,
At length, my soul, aspire
To themes which once employ'd the song
Of heav'n's angelic choir.

"Glory to GOD!" in highest strains,
The heav'nly heralds sung;
"Glory to GOD, who ever reigns!"
The whole creation rung:

"Good will to men, and peace on earth,
"For this auspicious morn,
"A Saviour of celestial birth,
"Ev'n CHRIST the LORD is born!"

Th' eternal Word forsook the skies,
With sinful men to dwell,
That those to heav'n with him might rise,
Who else must sink to hell.

Glory to GOD's unbounded grace!
The holy JESUS lives,
Whose death to our apostate race
A life eternal gives.

Mysterious wisdom, power supreme,
And goodness all divine,
Above our thoughts, in this vast scheme,
With radiant glory shine:

And shall not guilty, fallen men,
For such stupendous love,
To their divine Emanuel, then
Their grateful rapture prove?

Ador'd Redeemer, oh! remove
This lethargy of sin,
And let thy all-constraining love
Our future heav'n begin.

Hail uncreated source of light!
Life of our spirits, hail!
O'er Death, and Satan's blackest night,
Thy kingdom shall prevail!

HYMN
TO
LIBERTY.

Sung in Church on the 12th Day of May, 1790; being the Anniversary of the Tammany Society or Columbian Order.

DAUGHTER of heav'n, thou gift divine,
Best portion of our bliss!
Each day that greets thy sons be thine,
But chiefly smile on this.

Celestial maid! shall Europe boast
The saints her natives feign;
And o'er thy best, thy fav'rite coast,
No sacred guardian reign?

Not so, blest *Freedom*, while thy rays
Illume our vast domain;
Not—while *Columbia's Order* blaze
Effulgent in thy train.

Thine angel form we vainly sought,
While Death stood at thy side,
And Danger, Terror too, were taught
That angel form to hide:

But now thy presence glads our sight,
And now we feel thy fire;—
Oh! may the sacred flame burn bright,
Till Life's last spark expire!

And late when he shall call thee back,
Who fix'd thy seat below;
Thy sons shall mark the dazzling track,
And go where thou shalt go.

But, lo! our brethren* raise to thee
A longing, asking eye;—
Ah! that the gen'rous, just and free,
Should disregard their cry!

* In Algiers.

Millions to thee at length look up,
From Slav'ry's iron yoke;
Nor look in vain, for soon their cup
Of sorrow shall be broke.

But shall we praise a gift so vast,
And not the giver prize?
Great source of all our blessings past,
Forbid the rash surmise!

Thy servant,* first of human kind,
His country's cause maintain'd,
When Perseverance look'd behind,
And even Hope complain'd.

When those dread scenes our thoughts inspire,
We tremble and adore;
And doubt, if we should fear thine ire,
Or love thy mercy more.

Still be that sov'reign mercy ours,
Great Spirit of the free!
And gratitude shall spend its powers
In songs of praise to thee.

* Washington.

May Time still fan the sacred pyre
Which thirteen sparks shall raise,
Until the last terrestrial fire
Shall rival *Freedom*'s blaze!

LINES

Written at the request of the Members of Holland Lodge, at a time when a visit was expected from the Grand Master of America.

SEE Glory's chosen son,
Unrivall'd WASHINGTON,
Our Lodge attend!
Our country's saviour view,
A God-like *Mason* too;
And greet, with honors due,
Your patriot friend.

Illustrious brother, hail!
But what do words avail?
The theme's too high!
Our heart-felt joy will best
By silence be express'd;
Lov'd chief, read ev'ry breast
In ev'ry eye!

THE

CONSTITUTION.

—"Fools admire, but men of sense approve."

SINCE Constitution is a word
By men so often us'd,
And all its meaning made absurd,
By knaves and fools abus'd;

Pray, courteous reader, mark my scheme,
Imprimis I must shew,
What Constitutions an't my theme,
Then item let you know.

'Tis not the Constitution nice,
Which metaphysics teach;
Of minds compos'd of good and vice,
And wond'rous powers of each.

'Tis not the body that we hold
To anatomic view;
Nor Constitution now call'd *old*,
I mean the one that's *new*.

A plan to govern thirteen States
Was late imperfect found;
But politicians made debates
To constitute it sound.

These same debates, perus'd by most,
Are hated or embrac'd;
Or damn'd (oh shocking!) or the boast
Of all your *men of taste*.

The man whose *looks* bespeak him *wise*,
Protests they are not good;
Though not a sentence meets his eyes
That well is understood.

With shrug important, and a face
Denoting thought profound,
"He opes the snuff-box, then the case,"
While newsmongers surround.

"Pray, Sirs, the Constitution—egh!
"D'ye think 'twill stand the test?
"Our new-form'd government, I say—
"Methinks 'tis not the best.

"The house of—pshaw—'tis not the thing,
"Its power will be too great,
"The President will be a King;
"Besides, 'tis intricate."

"How, Sir, not good! beware, I pray,
"To hold the worst of creeds,
"Lest you be deem'd, as well you may,
"A foe to fed'ral deeds.

"The scheme you must again review,
"Permit me to remark;
"For, Sir, the Constitution's new,
"And therefore, Sir, is dark."

To little critics dark it is,
Its faults or excellence
Not seen by the sagacious phiz
Of would-be men of sense.

In simple verse, permit a bard
His sentiment to tell;
(And CATO must not think it hard)
He likes the system well:

And if some principle be there,
That's opposite to mine,
How wise the plan! I still declare,
What judgment in each line!

What if my feeble thought can't soar
Its highest good to find,
Is not a whole Convention's more
Than one imperfect mind?

Yes, patriots, by experience taught,
(Their country's guardian guides)
Concert a plan, with wisdom fraught,
And WASHINGTON presides!

Since he has led the virtuous band,
They sure have counsel'd best;
Oh! prosper, heaven, our parent land,
And make her people blest!

ODE,

Occasioned by the adoption of the present Constitution of the United States, and first published on the day when that event was celebrated in the City of New-York by a *Procession*.

EMERGING from old Ocean's bed,
When fair *Columbia* graceful rear'd her head
To his* glad view; for whose intrepid soul
High heav'n reserv'd this undiscover'd goal;
The *genius* of the solitary waste,
With ecstacy the God-like man embrac'd,
Prophetic of her future state;
And smil'd serene, and hail'd th' approaching day,
When older nations, envious, should survey
Her numerous offspring, good and great;
But still she sigh'd, and dropt a tear,
And still the more than mortal seer
Anticipated what she knew too well,†
And what, this memorable day, the muse,
With retrospective ken, reluctant views,
And this blest epoch now forbids to tell.

* Columbus. † The war with Great-Britain.

Distress'd, she saw, but with prophetic eyes,
Thro' scenes of horror, future bliss descrys;
Sees greater good from partial evil rise.
She knew how empires rise and fall,
That all the changes on this earthly ball
Revolve by heav'n's command,
Nor can its will withstand.
Submissive she that power ador'd,
The sov'reign, universal LORD,
Almighty, wise and good!
Whose eye, omniscient, saw 'twas right
We should attain a glorious height,
Thro' seas of kindred blood.

And lo! the all-important period's nigh,
And swells my mighty theme;
An æra greater than the golden age,
Of which the poets dream;
And adds a wond'rous, an illustrious page,
To this terrestrial globe's vast history.
Begin, oh muse!
And far diffuse
Th' inspiring news:

To earth's remotest bound,
Throughout the world let joy like ours be found,
And Echo catch the animating sound,
Now all our highest hopes are crown'd.
Through Time's incessant round,
Fame's trumpet shall resound
This long-desir'd event,
And tell what mighty blessings heav'n hath sent.
Immortal Fame,
Whose loud acclaim
Is deathless as the poet's song,
To countless ages shall the theme prolong.

Ten sov'reign States, in Friendship's league combin'd,
Blest with a government, which does embrace
The dearest int'rests of the human race,
This festive day, to joy resign'd,
This signal day we celebrate:
Let ev'ry patriot heart dilate—
Let ev'ry care be banish'd far,
Nor aught these fed'ral honors mar.
Behold th' admir'd procession move along;
Our sister States, the happy ten, it greets;
What animation in the crowded streets!

What grateful plaudits from each tongue!
In beautiful arrangement, lo!
Majestically slow,
Some thousands move, a fed'ral band,
Advancing hand in hand.
Heart-cheering sight! Not half so much applause
Did Alexander's pompous pageants crown:
Ne'er did he gain such merited renown:
This spectacle august can boast a nobler cause!

Hail, *Liberty!* fair offspring of the skies,
To whom these grateful offerings rise,
We feel thine energy divine!
These solemnities are thine!
Union rears his giant form,
With life, and health, and vigour warm:
Lo! he frowns on *Faction* fell—
The monster, howling, seeks his native hell!

Joy to the union! blest *Columbia* hail!
Distraction in thy councils now shall fail,
And *Wisdom* and efficience soon prevail:
Justice shall now exalt her well-poiz'd scale:

Celestial *Peace* her silken wand extend,
And white-rob'd *Virtue* from the skies descend:
Genius shall mount a glorious towering height,
By genial *Science* foster'd and refin'd,
And deathless wreaths our offspring's temples bind;
While dwindled Europe sickens at the sight:
Arts, still increasing, shall these shores adorn,
And halcyon days bless millions yet unborn,
Fair as the aspect of the vernal morn!
Herculean *Industry*, with dext'rous hand,
Shall make earth's bosom teem at its command,
And *Health* and *Plenty* glad heav'n's fav'rite land:
Pomona's charge shall grow luxuriant here,
And bounteous *Ceres* crown the ripen'd year;
Commerce shall raise its languid head—
The nation's dignity that with it fled,
Triumphant shall its place resume,
And navies start from the tall forest's gloom!

Joy to our far-fam'd *chief*, whose peerless worth
Makes monarchs sicken at their royal birth:
And joy to thee, the NEWTON of this age,
Whose lore hath grac'd the scientific page—
FRANKLIN, the patriot, venerable sage!

Hail, ev'ry champion in your country's cause!
Long shall that country ring with your applause.
Exult with me, ye patriots, that no more
Dire *Discord*'s clamours vex this western shore;
That jarring States to *Union* give the rein,
And all approve that gently-pow'rful chain,
The *fed'ral system*, which more firm unites
The thirteen States, and yet preserves our rights.
Oh, may those rights be sacred to the end,
And to our last posterity descend!
May that fair structure flourish and expand,
And ceaseless blessings crown our native land!

ODE

On the arrival of the late President of the United States in the City of New-York.

Tune—"*God save*," &c.

HAIL, bright, auspicious day!
Long shall America
Thy praise resound;
Joy to our native land!
Let ev'ry heart expand,
For WASHINGTON's at hand,
With glory crown'd!

Columbia's children hail!
Behold, before the gale,
Your chieftain comes;
The matchless hero's nigh!
Now raise your plaudits high,
With trumpets rend the sky,
And martial drums.

Illustrious warrior hail!
Oft did thy sword prevail
O'er hosts of foes;
Come and fresh laurels claim,
Still dearer make thy name,
Long as immortal Fame
Her trumpet blows!

Thrice welcome to this shore,
Our leader now no more,
But ruler thou;
Oh, truly good and great!
Long live to glad our State,
Where countless honors wait
To deck thy brow.

Hush'd be the din of arms,
Henceforth the olive's charms
Shall war preclude;
These shores a head shall own,
Unsully'd by a throne,
Our much lov'd WASHINGTON,
The great, the good!

TO

A FRIEND, ON HIS MARRIAGE.

HAIL, happy pair! to whom no lukewarm friend
Approving gratulations would accord;
May ever new delights your path attend,
And length of days your constancy reward.

How many anxious days, dear ****, you've try'd
To win the charming fair-one you ador'd:
To call the lovely ******* your bride,
Seem'd bliss too vast for fortune to afford!

'Tis done—your wish obtain'd, your joy complete,
The laughing Loves, the Graces, and each Muse,
Propitious join'd, at your espousals meet,
And ev'n your poet celebrates the news.

Your poet and your friend—his ready zeal
Now greets your nuptials, and your choice approves;
And bids his long-neglected muse reveal
How much he shares the bliss of him he loves.

Your faith I know—ev'n from our early youth
Our souls congenial sympathy confess'd,
Secure in promises of ceaseless truth,
And ever acting what our tongues profess'd.

'Tis still the same—united now like me,
Alike our comforts, and alike our woe;
No diminution shall our friendship see,
But as we grow in years our love shall grow.

Great is the happiness you now enjoy,
And many blessings crown the wedded state;
Ah! may no future ill your peace destroy,
Or baulk the prospects which your heart elate.

May all the joys which friendship can impart,
(Delights to those of sense superior much)
With mutual fondness fire each glowing heart;
With speechless feelings either bosom touch!

But while I breathe Affection's purest strain,
And hail you blest in Hymeneal joys;
Accept the *moral* lay, for I would fain
Direct you to that bliss which never cloys.

That ardent fondness for your beauteous bride,
The joy ecstatic, and th' impassion'd strain,
Connubial raptures! will, ere long, subside;
But *love*, unquench'd by time, will yet remain.

The converse sweet, the calm, contented mind,
The sympathetic thought, the wish to please,
The look complacent,—these will stay behind,
And evanescent joys give place to these.

Far other scenes await beyond the tomb;—
When all those transient pleasures shall be o'er,
The sweets of sense, and Beauty's fleeting bloom,
Will then seduce and fascinate no more.

Then, oh! let *moral good* your mind employ;
Let virtue, sentiment, your hearts allure;
For these, when Time shall all things else destroy,
These, in another state, will still endure.

Be this your pleasure, this your highest aim;
That when that untry'd, awful change you prove,
Your kindred souls may catch a seraph's flame,
And burn for ever with a seraph's love!

TO

A ROSE.

FAIR, blushing, half-expanded Rose,
What other flower can with thee vie?
Whose vivid tints more charms disclose,
Than Iris' bow, or Tyrian dye.

Sweet-scented, fragrance-breathing Rose!
Not eastern gales such odours bear;
Not all the tribes which Flora knows
Can with thy rich perfume compare.

Oh! yes—a flower as fair and sweet
Hath often fix'd my raptur'd gaze;
In MIRA all thy beauties meet;
Yes, MIRA all thy charms displays:

Like thee she charms in Life's gay noon,
And sheds around ambrosial breath;
And like thee too, must wither soon,
And yield, alas! to Time and Death:

But not like thine, frail, short-liv'd flower,
Is lovely MIRA's final doom;
Death never will thy bloom restore,
But MIRA's charms again will bloom:

For Virtue's flame her bosom warms,
Which heav'n, sweet Rose, to thee denies;
And heav'n her conscious soul informs,
That worth like MIRA's never dies.

ON THE

INSTABILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

And what is friendship but a name;
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

Goldsmith.

To smooth the thorny road of life, we fain
A fellow mortal's friendly aid would try;
We try—but ah! the issue proves 'tis vain
To look for aid from beings born to die.

Since Manhood's dawn I still have fondly strove
For health and affluence, long of these devoid;
Sigh'd for those transient joys which mortals love;
By me, alas! too transiently enjoy'd.

Oft as assiduous earthly good I sought,
Some blessing which as oft hath been deny'd,
I still believ'd (oh, impotence of thought!)
A *friend* might help me stem Misfortune's tide.

He might—but, ah! experience can attest,
(Sad witness of a truth perceiv'd too late!)
Friendship's a blessing when by man possess'd;
But few possess it in this lower state.

I thought *my friend* was uncorrupted truth;
I thought—but, oh! deceitful he was found;
Skill'd how to fascinate ingenuous youth,
And in what point the feeling heart to wound:

For while the peace-depriving charm I press'd,
Deep in my heart th' invenom'd inmate stole,
And basely wounded (ah! perfidious guest)
A faithful, gen'rous, unsuspicious soul.

And yet, when Time had well matur'd the mind,
Tho' Reason's dictates more enlight'ned grew,
Still Providence to me appear'd unkind,
And still the phantom, *friend*, remain'd in view.

With notions high of truth and honor fraught,
If faithless friends protested, I believ'd;
Enthusiast that I was! I spurn'd the thought,
That knaves *seem* true when honesty's deceiv'd.

The dupe of art, by well-meant zeal inspir'd,
Would fly to clear a fav'rite's blighted fame;
Such confidence some damning proof requir'd,
To ope' my eyes, and stifle Friendship's flame.

Ye upright few, whom Virtue's influence sways,
With hearts susceptible of truth and love,
"Trust not in man," celestial Wisdom says,
And sage Experience can its wisdom prove.

Ev'n ye whose souls are tainted least with vice
Know not what latent evils harbour there;
A spark of envy, pride, or avarice,
Can raise a flame which Friendship will not bear.

How frail is man, the wisest and the best!—
How very foolish if he thinks he's wise,
Who sees Earth's cheating joys, by Fancy dress'd,
In Beauty's garb, and Virtue's semblance rise.

Mysterious GOD! submissive to thy will,
Oh, teach this cheerless, erring soul to bend;
Let thy rich wisdom guide my footsteps still,
And thine omnipotence from ill defend.

Great is the evil of man's heart, but thou
Art greater far that evil to subdue;
To Goodness infinite let mortals bow,
And own how little good the best can do.

A thousand snares our rectitude oppose,
And oft we know not how those snares to ward;
Oh! teach us to o'ercome these *moral* foes,
Supremely wise! divinely gracious LORD!

Whene'er I fix my eyes on things below,
Whene'er for unsubstantial bliss I sigh,
Since oft repeated disappointments shew
The specious good is vice or vanity:

May I confess thy providence is just,
And know and try its salutary use;
Know that, improv'd aright, these evils must
(As thou hast promis'd) final good produce:

That if we in *thy friendship* do confide,
Nor men, nor fiends can make *that* union cease;
That through Life's troubles thou wilt surely guide
A way-worn pilgrim to eternal peace.

ALPHONSO AND AGNES.

The plot of this Poem is taken from the story of the *Bleeding Nun*, in "Ambrosio, or the Monk," written by M. G. Lewis.

In Lindenberg castle, whose battlements rear
Their Gothic remains to the sun,
On ev'ry fifth May day of ev'ry fifth year,
At the still hour of one did a spectre appear,
Array'd in the garb of a nun:

The dread apparition was meager and tall;
Blood drop'd on her robes from a wound;
Her haggard eyes deep in their sockets did fall;
Her presence the bravest of men could appal;
The women beheld her and swoon'd!

Conceal'd was her face with a nun's dismal veil,
And, when the ghost drew it aside,
Her visage cadaverous, ghastly and pale,
To the spot seem'd the shudd'ring spectators to nail;
The blood in their veins ceas'd to glide!

Great is the evil of man's heart, but thou
Art greater far that evil to subdue;
To Goodness infinite let mortals bow,
And own how little good the best can do.

A thousand snares our rectitude oppose,
And oft we know not how those snares to ward;
Oh! teach us to o'ercome these *moral* foes,
Supremely wise! divinely gracious LORD!

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The blood in their veins ceas'd to glide!

The castle's fair inmate was AGNES—whose eyes
Had shed Love's delicious delight
In ALPHONSO's susceptible heart—when with sighs
Her breasts gently heav'd—the soft fleece of the skies
No more to his view appear'd white.

The virgin for him felt a similar flame,
Her tongue equal ardour confess'd;
Whenever ALPHONSO to Lindenberg came,
What transports delectable thrill'd thro' her frame!
What speechless delight fir'd her breast!

Her aunt, old, repugnant, antique and morose,
Her passion oft strove to restrain;
A vow doom'd the maid (ere her birth) to the cross;
And the blind devotee deprecated the loss
Which heav'n in her niece might sustain:

Her vigilance only their passion inflam'd,
Her rigour but fed their desires;
In vain the fierce beldam or threat'ned or blam'd;
Coercion and convents have never yet tam'd
Or quench'd Love's omnipotent fires.

Ere the fifth day of May of the well-noted year,
When all did the vision expect,
ALPHONSO soft whisper'd in AGNES's ear,—
"At the still hour of one, in the morning appear,
"In ghostly habiliments deck'd;

"For then all believe that the spectre, as erst,
"Down stairs thro' the hall will proceed:
"Be thou, AGNES, veil'd like the spirit—and first
"Glide thro' the apartments—then, Fate, do thy worst,
"My AGNES's flight to impede!"

The period approaches—fly swift, ye dull hours;
ALPHONSO expects his love soon:
The night breeze sighs sadly, and awes his rapt powers;
The owl screams and wails from the mouldering towers
That shine with the beams of the moon.

The porter wide opens the castle's huge gates;
(The bleeding nun whilom stalk'd thence)
ALPHONSO's heart throbs—mute and breathless he waits,
He sighs, and implores, and accuses the Fates,
Now hoping, now chill'd by suspense.

He numbers the minutes! Time seems to stand still:
Hark!—*One* vibrates shrill in his ears—
Tumultuous emotions his bosom now fill,
And, oh! what ineffable joys through him thrill,
When a torch at a distance appears!

She comes, nor forgets to extinguish the light,
Her aunt's dreaded notice to shun:
He sees, by the moon-beams which gild the drear night,
'Tis she—'tis his AGNES who blesses his sight,
Array'd like the ghost of the nun!

"Sweet AGNES, dear AGNES," he cries, "thou art mine,
"The maid whom I love and adore;
"Betrothed to thee, my belov'd, I am thine,
"Lov'd AGNES, thou now art unchangeably mine;
"Thou never shalt part from me more!"

She flies to his arms, and he clasps to his heart
The nymph who enamours his soul;
In the carriage which waits, in an instant they dart;
They vow endless love, and their transports impart,
While the chariot wheels rapidly roll.

Now swift fly the horses—swift spin the wheels round;
The castle's high turrets recede;
Scarce seem the fleet coursers to tread on the ground,
They plunge deep in valleys, o'er mountains they bound,
They rival the hurricane's speed:

ALPHONSO endeavours to govern their fire,
But calls to the drivers in vain;
Such fury the mettlesome steeds does inspire,
They more than Herculean exertion require,
Their perilous speed to restrain:

O'er ditches they leap, over hedges they fly,
Now down the fell precipice dash;
Wheels rattle, steeds snort, lightning glares thro' the sky!
Winds bellow, and thunder rolls awful on high!
And bursts with a terrible crash!

The shock fills ALPHONSO with dreadful alarms;
The virgin clings to him abash'd;
He fears for her life while he hangs o'er her charms;
She shrieks, wild with terror,—she faints in his arms!
The chariot in pieces is dash'd!

The drivers have vanish'd—the horses lie dead—
ALPHONSO, unconscious, lies there;
All shatter'd the chariot's loose fragments are spread;
The nun's bleeding form from ALPHONSO hath fled;
The vision dissolves into air!

ALPHONSO revives—he remembers his fair;
Love kindles up Life's dying fires;
Kind peasants have cherish'd and lodg'd him with care;
He gazes around him, in frantic despair,
For AGNES, his love, he inquires.

They hear with concern,—their best succour is us'd,
They mourn his condition so sad;
His limbs are disjointed, and mangled, and bruis'd,
His senses by terror and pain are confus'd;
They deem the lorn sufferer mad.

No AGNES was seen when ALPHONSO was found:
He raves, hapless youth! at the news;
The walls of the mansion with "AGNES" resound;
For AGNES he sends fifty messengers round;
His wounds crimson currents effuse:

Exhausted with anguish of body and mind,
In stupor lethargic he sinks;
Dreams harrow his soul;—on the wings of the wind
He ransacks the world his lov'd AGNES to find:—
Of nothing but AGNES he thinks.

Now Fancy hath plac'd the dear maid by his side;
But dæmons his bride from him tear:
They plunge, with their prey, in a gulph deep and wide!
ALPHONSO exclaims, "nought our loves shall divide!"
And leaps down the gulph in despair.

He starts, as the dreadful abyss he surveys;
He 'wakes in a horrible fright;—
Oh GOD! what a figure encounters his gaze;
He stares at the bleeding nun's ghost with amaze,
Envelop'd in drapery white!

She stalks, and sits down on the bed where he lies;
All bloodless and pale are her cheeks;
Her cold, livid lips to his face she applys;
Upon him she fixes her death-looking eyes;
In accents sepulchral she speaks:

"ALPHONSO, ALPHONSO, my love, thou art mine,
"The youth whom I love and adore.
"Betrothed to thee, my belov'd, I am thine,
"ALPHONSO, ALPHONSO, my love, thou art mine;
"I never will part from thee more!"

With cold clammy hands, that of rottenness smell,
ALPHONSO's worn body she clasps;
She utters, in triumph, a horrible yell!
Big drops on his forehead his agony tell;
He groans—his blood curdles—he gasps!

His voice hath departed—his bristling hairs rise—
Chill Horror suspends ev'ry breath!
A motionless, petrify'd statue he lies,—
His heart sinks and freezes within him—he dies
In the chilling embraces of Death!

I NO 61

PEACE.

This Poem was first published shortly after the ratification of Peace between America and Great-Britain.

DEEP in a grove, that mock'd the northern blast,
And o'er the scene a solemn umbrage cast,
The guardian Genius of Columbia stood;
Serene she smil'd upon her native wood,
And tun'd to harmony her grateful lay;
The conscious forest own'd her cheering ray;
She told how Peace her olive-branch display'd,
And thus, melodious, sung the raptur'd maid:

" Hail, favour'd land! where genial Peace now deigns
" To shed her joys o'er groves, and hills, and plains;
" Delightful scenes, by smiling Plenty grac'd,
" A paradise emerging from a waste!
" What floods of transport, what delight intense,
" That now Columbia's free, pervade each sense!

" Long have her sons the contest well maintain'd
" For native Freedom: lo! the prize is gain'd:
" The painful conflict o'er, they reap, at last,
" The sweet reward of all their labours past.

" Sing, tuneful tenants of the woodland shade,
" For, lo! the peaceful standard is display'd;
" Ye lowing herds exalt your praises high,
" And let your hoarse thanksgivings reach the sky;
" Ye sportive flocks bleat loud, and let the sound
" Thro' hills and vales reverberate around;
" Let hills and vales, inanimate, rejoice;
" All nature raise a gratulating voice!
" Wave high your heads ye trees, your joy attest;
" And bloom ye flow'rs, in various colours drest,
" Expand your beauties to th' admiring eye,
" A lovely scene!—ye who in waters lie,
" And gambol glad beneath the noontide ray,
" In silent joy to Peace your homage pay;
" Let Ocean's waves exult; and ev'ry spring
" Murmur soft praises to Creation's King;
" To Heaven's King let man now raise his voice,
" Let him, in grateful strains, supreme rejoice;

" Thou zephyrus, on willing wings, diffuse
" Throughout the world the heart-reviving news,
" That war, and rapine, and oppression cease,
" That now our lot is Liberty and Peace!"

Thus spake the Genius of a people blest;
Creation list'ned, and was hush'd to rest;
" Attention held it mute," while thus she sung,
For eloquence divine inspir'd her tongue;
Complacent she beheld her guardian care,
And beam'd celestial radiance thro' the air.

What gallant leaders exercis'd command?
What vet'rans led Columbia's martial band?
Those long-try'd patriots, who so bravely fought,
And who our present independence wrought,
Declare, oh Muse! their names, their deeds review,
And gladly celebrate the virtuous few.

The foremost hero on the lists of Fame
Is WASHINGTON, a memorable name:
Oh, truly great and good! oh, truly brave!
Who didst thy country from oppression save:

Illustrious chief! that country's joy and pride,
The admiration of the world beside;
May many years be still upon thee shed,
And Time roll prosp'rous o'er thy honor'd head:
And, now the work of devastation's done,
Now, by thy arm, at length, the battle's won,
To tranquil, rural scenes again retir'd,
Mayst thou enjoy the bliss so long desir'd;
There calmly may thy minutes glide, nor cease
Till Heav'n shall call thee to eternal peace.

What other heroes claim the Muse's song,
Besides the humble, undistinguish'd throng?
The palm of victory, oh, GATES! is thine,
Thou fam'd subduer of the proud BURGOYNE!
GREENE, too, hath merited unfading bays;
Accept, oh chief! no flatt'ring Muse's praise.
The meed of gratitude is thine, oh, HOWE!
And laurels, SULLIVAN, shall grace thy brow.
Intrepid SINCLAIR well has earn'd the same;
And future Bards shall sing of WOOSTER's fame.
To PUTNAM's valour they the song shall raise,
And strains heroic sound the vet'ran's praise.

To such what vast acknowledgments are due,
Who did their country's good so long pursue!
To such what tokens of sincerest love!
Ah! never may Columbians thankless prove,
But prize the patriots who our cause espous'd,
And bless the impulse which their spirits rous'd!

Nor can the grateful Muse forget to sing
The Godlike virtues of the Gallic king.
He saw our foes advancing, from afar,
Against a country uninur'd to war:
He saw us curs'd by transatlantic laws,
And felt a gen'rous ardour in our cause.
His squadrons cleave the undulating wave—
They come, an injur'd, suff'ring race to save;
Nor come in vain:—our vengeful foes advance,
To strike pale terror in the hosts of France;
But they, proud mortals, of their valour vain,
With British blood must soon the ocean stain.
In power hereditary they rely,
Nor think that Britons, like their foes, may die;
But their warm sluices too must swell the flood,
And blend promiscuously with Gallic blood.

Fierce war they wage on Ocean's wat'ry bed,
With vital streams th' ensanguin'd sea turns red:
Each has his country's glory near at heart—
To purchase this he dares with life to part:
Death stalks insatiate, thund'ring cannon roar,
And loud re-bellow from the distant shore:
Each lab'ring ship the dire concussion feels,
With death-fraught balls her hull convulsive reels:
Beneath the mighty shock old Ocean shakes,
And Neptune wonders what such uproar makes.

Nor less the combat rages on the plain,
Nor less the number of ill-fated slain;
Here mad Bellona thro' the armies flies,
The flames of Discord flashing from her eyes;
And Mars, infuriate, prompts the dreadful fight;
His lance, high brandish'd, sheds refulgent light;
Now here, now there, he makes the battle bleed,
Grief, Joy, Fear, Hope alternately succeed;
Ruin, and Pain, and Carnage reign around,
And screams, and shouts, and dying groans resound.

Awake Melpomene! the mournful lay,
And to th' illustrious dead thy tribute pay.

Fair Freedom's martyrs, who, in evil hour,
So Heav'n decreed, were crush'd by foreign power.
Ye patriots who can patriot worth revere,
For brave MONTGOMERY shed the manly tear;
To you his mem'ry will be ever dear.
'Twas thine, oh chief! by all the brave admir'd,
With dauntless courage, ardent zeal inspir'd,
Ere Victory and Peace from Heav'n were sent,
(Ye friends of human kind his fate lament!)
To bleed, in Liberty's high cause to die,
A victim to remorseless tyranny:
When Heav'n-enlight'ned Bards, in future days,
Shall sweetly sing our fallen heroes' praise,
Thy name, great chief! shall have a signal place,
And lo[illegible]onor'd by Columbia's race,
Upon thy [illegible] the patriot's te[illegible]e sh[illegible]
And trophied monuments ado[illegible] head.

Deluded isle! couldst thou have read the page
Of future times, we ne'er had known thy rage;
Thy children to enslave thou ne'er hadst strove,
But rul'd Columbia with parental love.
But why Britannia's blasted hopes deplore,
Her greatness fall'n, her mighty now no more?

For peace we sued, in days of deep distress,
But sued in vain—our wrongs had no redress;
Let Britain, then, her own mad acts repent,
Her dwindled power, and fame eclips'd lament;
'Tis ours to boast that we have gain'd the strife,
Have greatly earn'd peace, liberty and life.

Land of delight, fair Freedom's fav'rite seat,
With countless blessings, matchless charms replete!
Dear, native country! of thy fame I sing;
Thy rising fame throughout the world shall ring.
Now Peace, at length, is to our wishes giv'n,
Sweet, lovely, smiling Peace, best gift of Heav'n;
The welcome olive-branch she wide extends,
Heart-cheering emblem! to the farthest ends
Of blest Columbia sheds her genial ray,
And makes a continent confess her sway;
With placid aspect, lo! she smiles serene,
And views benign the variegated scene;
A clime which boasts the growth of ev'ry soil,
A people virtuous, brave, inur'd to toil;
Of all the various arts and means possest,
To be without a foreign ally blest;

Not niggards of the happiness they feel—
To suff'ring strangers they a portion deal;
And here the exil'd patriot gladly finds
A sweet relief in sympathetic minds.

Here Justice elevates her sacred head,
The good man's refuge, and the culprit's dread;
With nice precision deals th' avenging rod,
And imitates the attribute of God;
In scale impartial human actions weighs—
What Merit claims she bountifully pays,
And gives to Vice, and all its dang'rous crew,
Oppression, Fraud, and Cruelty, their due.

Here busy Industry instructs the hand
To ply the arts, to cultivate the land,
To guide the ploughshare thro' a fertile soil,
And smooth its face with unabated toil;
To make abundance from its bosom flow,
And aid its rising treasures as they grow;
Mark Nature's rip'ning process with delight,
And make rich harvests ev'ry care requite.

Hence trade its complicated streams derives—
This is our strength, by this a nation thrives.
Whate'er of ease or elegance man knows
In polish'd life, from agriculture flows;
Whate'er from earth's maternal bosom springs,
Health, comfort, opulence, and pleasure brings:
The shipwright models hence, of curious frame,
The stately, complex vessel, dear to fame;
The merchant hence derives increasing gain;
He sends his country's product o'er the main;
His ships, rich freighted, soon returning, pour
The wealth of realms remote, a costly store;
Thus plenty here in such profusion flows,
That scarce a mortal, want or suff'ring knows;
Thus lavish Nature, with indulgent hand,
Show'rs all her blessings on this favour'd land.

Nor are her gifts to sensual good confin'd,—
Her care beneficent extends to *mind:*
And here, celestial Muse! my verse inspire,
Attune to bolder strains my youthful lyre;
Another theme I now attempt to sing,
And try to stretch a more advent'rous wing;

Our intellectual progress claims my lay,
To sing the growth of Science I assay;
Whose fruits, delectable to mental taste,
Now bless these regions, late a savage waste;
For, lo! where thorns and thistles lately grew,
A thousand seminaries rise to view;
And as the number grows, transporting truth!
In literary fame advance our youth;
On them fair Science hath already shone,
Already they its blissful influence own:
In thee, the Muse, oh, FRANKLIN! fain would tell
What useful lore and sage experience dwell;
In thy philosophy such lights appear,
As make a wond'ring world thy name revere;
Thy genius hath repell'd the light'ning's force,
And turn'd its vengeful blaze a safer course:
Nor thee alone hath Science taught to find,
Whate'er enlightens and expands the mind:
It gives the self-taught RITTENHOUSE renown,
And joys our learned JEFFERSON to crown.

In glory and renown these regions rise,
But, ah! one precious gift high Heav'n denys:

To make thy fame, America, complete,
The Muse of Poesy thy sons should greet;
In European climes the Goddess roves,
But shuns, alas! our academic groves;
For scarce hath Sol perform'd his annual round,
Not long the warrior rest from toil hath found,
Since Death and Horror hover'd o'er our coasts,
And War's dread weapons thin'd Columbia's hosts;
Whose sad survivors cease not to complain,—
The dismal news of hapless kindred slain,
Still recent on their woe-worn hearts remain:
At such a time the song-inspiring Muse
Far other distant scenes delights to choose;
Remote from hence, in peace and calm repose,
Her sons she nu[illegible] there her temple rose;
Nor [illegible]ed her fi[illegible] Liberty was chain'd,
Where Grief, and [illegible]d Desolatio[illegible]ign'd;
But now those dire cala[illegible]s are o'er.
Oh, may she visit this delightful shore!
With tuneful numbers here her sons inspire,
Plant in their breasts the true poetic fire,
The fire divine, which lifts th' aspiring thought,
And makes the soul with joy celestial fraught!

Then shall they chant the memorable tale,
How Freedom fought, and did at last prevail;
Then shall their epic strains of battles sing,
And all the horrors which from battles spring:
The deeds atchiev'd by those heroic bands
Who sav'd their country from Oppression's hands,
In future times with rapture shall be heard,
The fav'rite subject of the Heav'n-taught Bard!

The time will come, soon may that time arrive,
When Roman greatness shall in us revive;
When HOMER's genius here sublime shall soar,
And a new VIRGIL grace this western shore:
Here Science shall exalt its laurel'd fane,
And over ev'ry State extend its rein
Here flourish, unimpair'd by ch[illegible] time,
Here raise it glory to a heigh[illegible]me:
A dome majest[illegible] shall to Fame rear'd,
By all aspir'd to, and by all rever'd;
Upon the lofty summit she shall stand,
A spectacle august! her better hand
Th' immortal prize shall offer to mankind,
For classic skill and attic taste design'd:

The other hand shall lift a trumpet high,
Whose son'rous notes shall seem to rend the sky:
Her vot'ries, fill'd with emulation's fire,
To her rewards shall eagerly aspire;
And he who merits the distinguish'd prize
Shall gain the laurel wreath which never dies!

Here busy Commerce shall successful reign;—
Our navy, like a bulwark on the main,
Appal Ambition, which again may strive
Of native rights our country to deprive.
In Union's bond these States shall pow'rful grow,
And frown defiance on each foreign foe.
While we [illegible] enviable bliss possess,
What mor[illegible]w'r can ever make it less?
Oh! long pr[illegible]ind Heav'n, our prosp'rous state,
And make us *good*, as well as wise and great!

ODE
TO
HEALTH.

Composed in September, 1799.

PARENT of blessings, life-sustaining *Health*,
Of Hope, and Love, and Joy benignant queen;
Whose touch is rapture, whose possession wealth,
Which makes Golconda's sparkling treasure mean:
Divine *Hygeia!* thee my verse would woo,
Thee, Goddess! whose exhilarating smile
Suffus'd thy suppliant's ruddy cheek erewhile,
And promis'd, to thy vot'ry juvenile,
Its richest influence thro' a length of days;
But, transient was thy stay, oh, placid power!
And thou hast left me many a cheerless hour:
Ah! long and dreary has the period been,
Since thy cherubic face I've seen;

Yet, well I know, celestial fair,
Thy light-toed step, thy graceful air;
Thy dimpling smile, thy rosy hue,
Thine eyes of heav'nly azure blue;
Blithe Youth and Love, perennial pair,
And Hope and Joy play lambent there,
And Beauty wantons in thine auburn hair.

Yes, well I know thee, power benign,
For once thy life-endearing charms were mine;
Th' faultless shape, oh, lovely maid!
Thy features, where a thousand beauties play'd,
Could once give ecstacy intense,
And beam mild radiance on the ravish'd sense;
But ne'er, since thy disastrous flight,
Hath Joy my heart, or Beauty bless'd my sight;
Now ever busy Care, with wrinkled brow,
And lean Solicitude, my peace annoy;
And Discontent is daily clouding now
The dying embers of departed joy.
I loathe the objects once with pleasure seen,
Alas! I see them through a sickly mean;
And 'wake in pain, from unrefreshing sleep,
To sad remembrance, or abstraction deep.

With nerves to trifles "tremblingly alive,"
In vain for wonted cheerfulness I strive;
In vain I raise these orbs, of jaundic'd hue,
The shadow of thy much-lov'd form to view;
In vain I bend an ever anxious ear,
The echo of thy well known step to hear:
A sickly glimpse of thee I now can scarce descry,
And Mem'ry's magic glass privation must supply.

Great is the power of Mem'ry's magic spell;—
Thine aspect, Goddess, I remember well:
Oft didst thou deign my youth to woo,
And in my path fresh flowers to strew;
Their balmy sweets my senses did inhale;
To thee I rais'd the grateful song,
While, light of heart, I trip'd along,
And melody and fragrance floated on the gale:
Ere Phœbus ting'd the distant hills with light,
With agile step I brush'd the dew away;
Ere flowers, irriguous, glitter'd to the sight,
I hail'd the dawning glories of the day:
Then sought my cottage, to partake the meal
Which thy heart-cheering presence render'd sweet;
Thy presence made me exquisitely feel,

How tasteful are the coarsest viands we eat,
If thou vouchsafe to bless the homely board:
Not all the spicy product of the east
Can furnish such a grateful feast,
Or such true luxury afford;
Not Hybla's honey can delight the taste;
Nor nectar-yielding peach, with blushes grac'd;
Nor clust'ring grapes, luxuriant from the vine;
Nor more nutritious cream, delicious fare!
Can please,—if thou art not an inmate there:
Their various flavours, precious Health! are thine;
Yes, where thou art a genial guest,
Thou giv'st the plain repast a richer zest,
Infusing strength and joy in ev'ry rustic breast.

Great is the power of Mem'ry's magic spell;
I love of long departed joys to tell:
When thy strong arm, oh Health! the stripling brac'd,
And ev'ry limb with pliant action grac'd,
Oft have I climb'd the mountain's giddy height,
And, eagle-ey'd, beheld thy visage bright;—
Thine energies before me went,
And made me mock the perilous ascent:
Swift as the rein-deer was my flight.

Sublimely bending o'er the craggy brink,
..r forbad th' advent'rous youth to shrink,
..ng to deeds of valour and of might:
ne by thee, he gain'd yon lofty brow;—
..' Mem'ry's prism I there behold thee now;
I know thy steady, firm, majestic gait;
I see the mountain nymphs around thee wait;
I see thy lib'ral hand among them drop
Its choicest gifts, and now I hear them hail
Thee patron of the forest and the vale;
But chief, thee, Goddess of the mountain top!

Oh! bear my tott'ring steps, Hygeia, there;
To thy lov'd haunts, dear Goddess, bear
This languid frame, and let that frame, once more,
Thy salutary influence share,
And let my heart thy healing power adore:
Oh! bear me from this "vale of tears,"
That now a lazar-house appears;
Where mortals, with their air, their food,
Imbibe the plague which taints their blood,
nd where grim Death his awful standard rears.
or, lo! just risen from his fetid den,
alks *Pestilence*, invet'rate foe of men!

In his fell den sepulchral horrors scowl,
Cadaverous and ghastly to the view;
Its walls drip exhalations dank and foul,
And baneful hemlock's deepest shades imbue
Its entrance drear, with noxious weeds o'ergrown,
Thro' which no ray of healthful light e'er shone;
But deadly vapours from its depths aspire:—
Oh shield me, Goddess, from those vapours dire!
Dread scourge of human kind! with giant force
I see him tread down thousands in his course:
Wan is his visage, squalid his attire,
With labour vast his putrid lungs respire;
His sinewy arms Destruction's besom wield;
Protect me, Goddess, with thy shield!
For now he whirls contagious blasts abroad;
Tremendous blasts! dread instruments of God!
His sable wings, o'er guilty nations spread,
Make darkness black, and baleful influence shed;
His breath pestiferous infects the air;
His sanguine eyes like midnight torches glare;
Morbific dews his livid lips distill,
And ev'ry pore with subtle poison fill;
Thro' ev'ry nerve of man the deadly juices thrill;

Around him hang the murky fogs of night,
And shudd'ring nature deprecates his blight:—
Shield me, Goddess, from his sight!

Oh! bear me far beyond the monster's view;
I see, I see th' envenom'd, haggard crew
Of evils that his fatal steps pursue!—
Fever first, whose arid heat
Makes the pulse convulsive beat;
Then *Terror*, mantled in Cimmerian black,
Aghast advances, dreading to look back;
With gaping jaws he comes, and bristling hair,
His eyes, horrific, blast us with their stare.
Next *Silence*, shrouded in profoundest night,
Unheard, flits by, a phantom to the sight:
Reluctant *Lassitude*, with pallid face,
Now slowly lags with faint and feeble pace;
Dejection, sick of his existence grown,
Drags his grief-worn carcase prone;
And *Lethargy*, with soporific dews,
The life-blood curdles, and each sense imbrues;
Lethean draughts the heavy eyelids steep,
Life's almost stagnant functions sluggish creep;
And *Death*, with ghastly smiles, the black procession views.

His iron grasp the stoutest heart appals,
And now another, yet another falls:
Trembling Age now drops its crutch—
Youth quick withers at his touch:
Horror freezes every vein,
To see the thousands he hath slain:
Hear the sad survivor's moans!
Hark! what dismal dying groans!
Around them close the shades of Death's long night—
Oh, shield me, Goddess, from the dreadful sight!

From this dire scene, oh! bear me far away,
To shores that bask beneath thy blissful ray;
Where Eurus' humid blasts are never known,
To chill the blood and weigh the spirits down;
But western gales the halcyon climate bless,
And breathe in man the soul of happiness:
I know thy haunts, thou soul-rejoicing maid!
For hand in hand with thee I oft have stray'd;—
Not where the pamper'd, sensual epicure,
Nor bloated glutton, loathsome and impure,
Nor frantic Bacchanals their orgies keep,
That banish far thy gentle handmaid Sleep,
Dost thou, chaste nymph, delight to dwell;

Thou flyst their revelry abhor'd,
To seek the lone, ascetic cell,
Or lowly cot, where Toil and Temp'rance tell
That Peace and Competence its guests reward.
Thou lov'st the rural, vernal scene,
When Nature wears her brightest robe of green;
The cooling grot thou lov'st, and shady bower,
Where, richly strew'd around, the hay just mown,
Blends its perfume with blossoms newly blown,
And many a wild and fragrance-breathing flower,
That's nurtur'd in the lap of genial Spring,
And thrives beneath cerulean skies;
Enchanting scenes! which sweetly realize
What fabling poets of Arcadia sing:—
Ah! thither now, blest Health, thy suppliant bring!

Yes, all thy charming haunts I know and love:
Thro' woodlands thou art wont to rove,
Where, crown'd with oaken leaves, Sylvanus keeps his court,
And happy native Dryades sport
Beneath the pendant foliage of the grove,
For ever blooming, young and fair:—
Propitious Goddess! now convey me there;

Lay me on some moss-deck'd seat,
Where limpid streamlets murmur at my feet;
Or, stretch'd incumbent on the sea-beat shore,
Let me hear th' Atlantic roar,
Enjoy the ocean-smelling gale,
And there invigorating breath inhale.
Romantic Fancy there, thy sportive child,
Beneath thy smiles, in youth immortal lives;
There, with unreal views, and pictures wild,
Beatifying visions gives!
She points to where th' aquatic genius dwells,
Hears Tritons sound their duicet shells,
To Nereides hears them tell their loves,
Amid their pearly walks and coral groves.

Awake, oh Health! these torpid powers of mine,
That not ev'n Fancy's mimic arts can please;
For thine are all her vivid views, and thine
Each scenic charm and image which she sees.
Nor only dost thou give illusive joys like these,—
Where'er thou deignest to reside,
Peace sits smiling at thy side;
Hope, exulting, upward springs;
Love expands his downy wings;

Plenty opes her garners wide;
And equable Content her cheerful matins sings.
Indulgent Power! again endow,
With these rich blessings, all thy own,
The being whom thou once didst crown,
And be his tutelary angel now:
Oh! let these plaintive strains at last prevail;
My future song shall then thy advent hail;
So shall thy praise be still my fav'rite theme,
And in my grateful numbers ever reign supreme.

END OF VOL. I.

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